HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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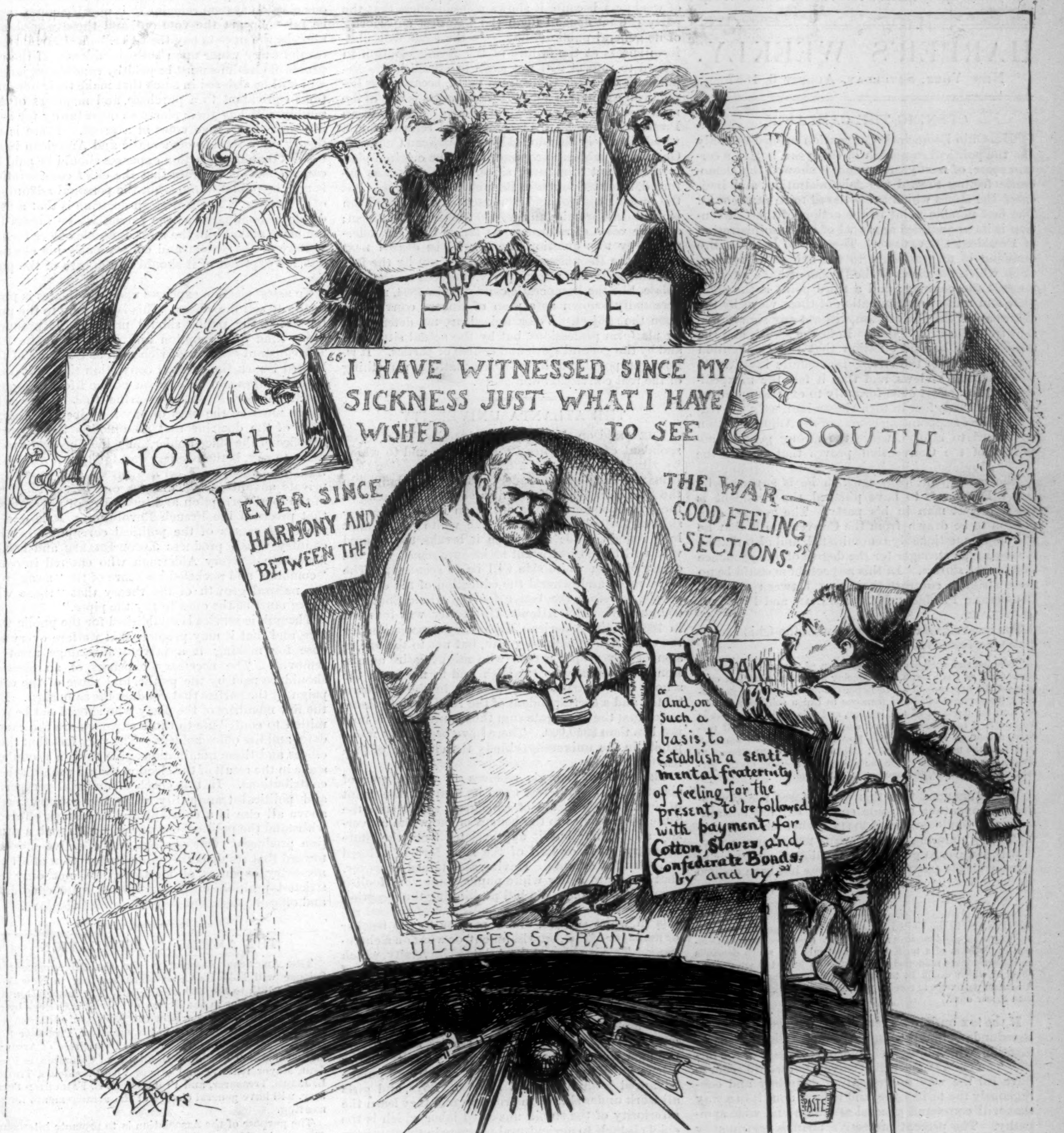

PEACE
NORTH
SOUTH
"I HAVE WITNESSED SINCE MY SICKNESS JUST WHAT I HAVE WISHED TO SEE EVER SINCE THE WAR—HARMONY AND GOOD FEELING BETWEEN THE SECTIONS."
ULYSSES S. GRANT
FORAKER
"and, on such a basis, to Establish a sentimental fraternity of feeling for the present, to be followed with payment for Cotton, Slaves, and Confederate Bonds, by and by."
PASTE
W. A. Rogers

A WEIGHTY UTTERANCE AND A FLIMSY PROTEST.

"It is a perfect mine of amusement, instruction, and entertainment."—*Boston Courier.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for August 2 contains the third instalment of the serial story "Derrick Sterling," by KIRK MUNROE, *with an illustration by* W. A. ROGERS. *Other fiction in this number is "The Step-Mother," a fairy tale, by* HOWARD PYLE, *with five illustrations by the author; and "Webetty," a story for girls.*

The claims of out-door sports in this holiday season are recognized in two articles on

"BASE-BALL" *and* "TRICYCLING."

The first is an excellent article of a practical character. Tricycling is written for girls by a lady who has ridden some eight thousand miles on a tricycle.

"An Adventure with a Unicorn," by CHARLES F. HOLDER, *has an illustration by* DAN BEARD.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Ohio Democratic Convention opened not only the political campaign of this year, but, in a certain sense, of next year, because it showed the Democratic feeling toward the Administration, and indicated the issues which are believed to be paramount. The first notable point in the action of the Convention is its unqualified approval of the administration of President CLEVELAND. The second is the entire omission of any allusion to the subject of reform, upon which the views of the President have most interested the country; and a third point is the complete and radical condemnation of those views by the chairman of the Convention, without any sign of dissent from the Convention. Both the speech and the silence show beyond question that the Convention was conscious of the strong Democratic hostility to the President's views, and that it felt the inexpediency of any effort even formally to express approval of them. This fact in turn shows indirectly the reason of the disappointing course of the Administration in regard to reform, while the strong general approval of the Convention proves that despite the views of reform which he is known to entertain, and of the consequent course which he is supposed by many Democrats to have pursued, the President is the strongest man in his party. The general conclusion to be drawn from the Convention is that he will be unquestionably renominated, and also that he is very much stronger for the degree of independence that he has shown. In this respect there could be no more striking contrast than that between the last Democratic President, Mr. BUCHANAN, and President CLEVELAND.

The most significant declaration of the Ohio Democratic platform is this:

> "We demand such judicious reduction of the present burdensome tariff as shall result in producing a revenue sufficient only to meet the expenses of an economical administration of government, the payment of liberal pensions to Union soldiers and sailors, and the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt; and if necessary, we favor such reduction of internal revenue, except on liquors, as will prevent the accumulation of a surplus in the national Treasury; and we denounce any attempt to abolish the tax on liquors for the purpose of keeping up the present unjust, unequal, and onerous tariff system."

It was assumed that this would force the Republican Convention to some equally explicit declaration, and would compel it to state whether, while vociferously claiming to be the true temperance party, it will propose to go into the election of next year as a free whiskey party. But the issue has been dodged in the following rather disingenuous fashion:

> "We are in favor of a protective tariff to secure to American citizens the privilege of supplying every article which can be produced as well in the United States as in other countries, and sufficiently to supply American wants.... We denounce the Ohio Democratic platform of a tariff for revenue only, and which demands an indiscriminate reduction in all duties on imported articles, the effect of which would be to encourage importations, thus giving American patronage to foreign producers and foreign labor, rather than to our own."

If the tax on liquors remains, the revenue will still be redundant, and there must be some relief from overtaxation, which must be found in reduction of the tariff. The Ohio Democratic Convention would seem to have led the way in presenting definitely and courageously the tariff issue, and to have done it in a way that will command general attention and wide sympathy. The present protective tariff is enormously high, and produces an immense surplus. The protective policy is defended upon the general theory that it is favorable to American labor. But never was that labor more discontented; and under the enormous taxation of the tariff it has grown steadily more so. This fact, and the just statement in the Cleveland platform of the purposes for which taxes should be laid—a statement not unlike that made by so good a Republican as President ARTHUR—will lead many Republicans to reflect whether high protection is the secret of national prosperity and contentment, and whether the general policy indicated by the Ohio Democrats may not be worth a trial.

As to the general characteristics of the Toledo platform, it must be evident to every sensible Republican that vigorous denunciation of rebel Democrats, and of the President's order in regard to the flags, and of the betrayal of Executive pledges of civil service reform, will not avail as against the temperate and well-considered declarations of public policy contained in the Democratic platform. The taunt of rebel and the appeal to old passions and sectional jealousy and war cries in general will merely please that class of Republicans whose votes are secure in any event. In the existing situation, when there is an unprecedented independence in political feeling and action, the true policy is to determine how to reach those whose votes are not secured by a regular party nomination. All the talk about rebels is a sign of weakness, because it shows consciousness that the party cannot depend upon the manifest superiority of its general public policy. In the same way platform sneers at the failure of the Administration in regard to reform will not avail to establish the Republican claim as the reform party, because the Republican exemption act in Massachusetts is one of the most hostile blows yet dealt at reform. A Republican President undoubtedly recommended reform; but it was deliberately abandoned by a Republican Congress. General Republican acquiescence in the original platform was not unnatural, since, so far as it was enforced, it tended to retain Republican employés. But the present control and tendency of the Republican party do not promise any regard whatever for reform; and the votes of reformers, so far as they are determined by this question alone, will be drawn next year to the Republican side, if at all, not by the fact that the party is a reform party, but because the candidate, like the Democratic candidate in 1884, may be personally known as a man of sincere convictions upon the subject. Votes, indeed, are not determined by platform professions, but by the actual situation, and by the general spirit and course of parties. It is, however, possible to infer from a platform something of the real conviction of a party.

THE ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

THE "raid on the Atlanta University," as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* calls it, and to which we alluded last week, is a more serious question than it may seem to many readers. The great danger in the Southern States for whites as well as blacks as the correspondent points out, is an ignorant leadership of the colored people. The white vote cannot long remain solid; and when it breaks, the colored vote will be too important to be suppressed, and the object of each white side will be to secure it. The more rapid and general the education of the colored people, therefore, the better for the whole Southern community. The Atlanta University was founded in 1867 by the American Missionary Association for the education of colored youth, but not to the exclusion of any proper person who might desire admission. The money to establish and to maintain the school was contributed by persons in the Northern States, and a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* states that the aggregate sum thus contributed is now not less than $350,000. There have been a few white pupils in the university, chiefly the children of professors.

The State of Georgia receives an annual sum of about $16,000 as interest upon its share of the grant of public lands in aid of education. This sum the State appropriates to the benefit of the white university at Athens; but it appropriates from the State Treasury $8000, or half of the sum, for the colored university at Atlanta. Having ascertained, however, that there are a few white pupils, some very foolish person has introduced a bill prohibiting the reception of white pupils in colored schools and of colored pupils in white schools, under penalty to the teacher or manager of fine, imprisonment, or work on a chain-gang. This is a blow at the Atlanta University, which is not only an admirable institution, but which is of the highest value in providing the best technical, agricultural, and industrial education for colored youth—an education which is indispensable if they are to become useful citizens. About five per cent. of the Atlanta students pass on to higher studies, and they are the men who will naturally become leaders. Many others finish an excellent normal course, and pursue advanced grammar-school studies. Boys and girls all work under skilled instruction, and they learn the inferiority of the stupid unskilled labor which is the chief obstacle to agricultural progress in the Southern States.

Such leaders as this school provides for their race cannot be trained elsewhere in the State. The maintenance of the university in full vigor is therefore for every reason, for the common interest of the 817,000 white and of the 726,000 colored citizens, one of the most vitally desirable objects in the State. The proposition to send the teachers and managers to the chain-gang unless they expel their own children from their schools is preposterous. The good sense of the State should prevent the further prosecution of the scheme. Every sensible citizen of Georgia would admit that nothing could be more unwise than to stimulate hostility of race in the same population by means of penal laws. Each race in Georgia undoubtedly prefers separate schools for the present, but to punish and disgrace the few persons who are indifferent to the separation, and by that course to retard the indispensable education of half the population, would be an unspeakable folly.

PAYING THE PIPER.

IN a recent interview at Saratoga Mr. MAURICE J. POWER, who is called the County Democracy leader, is reported to have said: "I don't think judges, for instance, should be assessed for their nominations in sums which make the transaction equivalent to a purchase of their places. At the same time, so long as our election system remains as it now is, money must be raised to get the vote out, and those who dance must be the ones to pay the piper." But Mr. POWER cannot carry water upon both shoulders. If the expenses of elections must be paid by candidates, judges will still be assessed in sums that make their nominations equivalent to a purchase, and members of Assembly will buy their places as opportunity for selling their legislative votes at a profit. There is no theory more fatal to democratic and American institutions than that election expenses should be paid by candidates. It assumes that the chief consideration is not the public welfare, but the personal advantage of the officer. The American doctrine is that a candidate is nominated as the person whose fitness for the place makes him the most desirable officer for the welfare of the public, and consequently his election and the expenses of it should be the care of the public.

To assess election expenses upon candidates is practically to sell the offices. This is a wrong to the public which the public should prevent. It produces every kind of corruption and degrades public life. The constant election of rich men as Senators of the United States, the general conviction that only men with fortunes can enter upon public life, are logical results of Mr. POWER'S doctrine that "those who dance must be the ones to pay the piper." Acceptance of the doctrine that an office is the personal benefice of the office-holder, for which he ought to be made to pay, is the readiest way to make it so, and to transform the public service into a vast system of private advantages. This was one of the incidents of the total corruption and imbecility of government that preceded the French Revolution. It is one of the chief causes of the political corruption in this country which produces JACOB SHARPS and boodle Aldermen. Every Alderman who entered into the "combine" and pocketed his share of the "swag" was the natural growth of the theory that "those who dance must be the ones to pay the piper."

The public service is established for the public welfare, and that it may promote that welfare every excuse for making it a private advantage must be removed. The necessary expenses of an election should be paid by the public, and those of the campaign by the parties that conduct the campaign. But the few members of the party who should not be permitted to contribute to those expenses are the candidates and the office-holders. The very fact that these offices and these nominations give them a pecuniary stake in the result of the election should prohibit these contributions. In this epoch of material prosperity and political tranquillity what the country needs above all else is a constant and strenuous effort to withstand the political corruption which such a situation produces. One obvious and effective measure toward that result is the public assumption of all the necessary expenses of elections, and not only the strictest prohibition of assessments upon candidates and office-holders, but upon their contributions.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its thirty-sixth meeting in New York from the 10th to the 17th of August. The Association will be called to order in the library of Columbia College by the late President, Professor EDWARD S. MORSE, of Salem, who will then resign the chair to his successor, Professor S. P. LANGLEY, of Washington. A local Committee of Arrangements, of which President BARNARD, of Columbia, is President, Mayor HEWITT and others Vice-Presidents, THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer, and Professor H. L. FAIRCHILD Secretary, will have general charge of the arrangements for the meeting.

The purpose of the Association is to promote intercourse among scientific men, to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific research, and to procure for scientific men and studies better facilities and larger recognition. In pursuance of these objects it has held annual public meetings in twenty-nine cities. As in England, where the meetings of the British Associations are most interesting, stimulating, and important events, so in this country they have been heartily welcomed in the various communities, and have left an admirable and ennobling influence.

The meeting of this year is the first held in the city of

New York. It occurs at the season when many who would gladly maintain the fame of the city for courtesy and gracious hospitality are absent. But there will be a worthy representation of the city in those who will receive the distinguished guests. Of the nineteen hundred members of the Association, twelve hundred are expected in New York. There are various sub-committees appointed to supervise the proper entertainment of this company, and a very considerable sum of money is indispensable for a proper discharge of their duties. There are many citizens who cannot personally aid these committees who would undoubtedly willingly assist them by contributions, that the meeting in New York may not be less successful and agreeable than those which have been held elsewhere, and all such citizens, by sending their gifts to Professor H. L. Fairchild or to Mr. James, would render a very valuable service.

CENTENARY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The Constitutional Centennial Commission is making arrangements for the proper celebration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States on the 17th of September, 1787. The ceremonies will take place on the 15th of September at Philadelphia, and will include an industrial and civic processional display. Colonel A. Loudon Snowden has been appointed chairman of the committee which will have charge of this important part of the celebration.

In a letter to the Governors of the several States, inviting their co-operation, Colonel Snowden says:

> "In July, 1788, there was a celebration in this city intended not only to manifest the gratification of the people on the adoption of the Constitution by ten of the States, but also to stimulate its ratification by all the States composing the old Confederation. On that occasion the processional display, which received the countenance and the hearty support of the leading men of the period, representing all branches of business, industries of all kinds, as well as the judiciary, the professions, and the schools of learning, headed by the venerable University of Pennsylvania, etc., was the most comprehensive and suggestive ever attempted up to that period on this side of the Atlantic. It devolves upon us in the coming celebration to illustrate, as far as possible, in the processional display, the marvellous material and industrial advance which has been made under the benign influence of the Constitution."

The propriety of such a display is manifest, and none of the centennial celebrations of recent years appealed more strongly to patriotic Americans than this which commemorates the culmination of the long controversy of the Revolution. There is no reason to doubt that the response to the appeal will be hearty and universal. "We kept steadily in our view," said Washington, as President of the Convention, in his letter dated September 17, 1787, "that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our Union, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence." If this was true a hundred years ago, how profoundly true it is now!

THE "LABOR" VOTE.

It is generally assumed that the Labor vote of next year will be drawn chiefly from the Democratic party, and that as it will be largest in New York, whose electoral vote will be essential to Democratic success, it will probably assure the defeat of that party. But it has been already pointed out that a large part of it will be composed of that Democratic vote which went to Mr. Blaine in 1884, and that consequently he would not necessarily gain by the defection in 1888.

But there is another consideration. A Labor nomination in 1888 would affect the national canvass somewhat as the nomination of Henry George last year affected the city election. The great conservative business interests in the community, which dislike change, and which supported Mr. Blaine in 1884, will probably, for the same reason, support Mr. Cleveland in 1888, and this vote would be very largely increased by the appearance of a Labor candidate. The desire to mark emphatic approval of the prudent and wise administration, in face of a new political demonstration like that of Mr. George, would detach a great many votes from the Republican candidate, as they were detached from Mr. Roosevelt last year.

The probable scope of the labor movement as a political party will be demonstrated, however, this year by its vote at the autumn election. It proposes to nominate a State ticket, and to try forces with the old parties. Should its vote be as large in the State as it was in the city last year, the political calculations for next year would be seriously disturbed, and it would be more evident than ever that next year's result would depend upon personal rather than party considerations.

THE YACHT RACE.

The *Thistle* comes to contend for the international cup with a great prestige. She has been an easy victor in the yacht races of the spring in English waters, and she is unquestionably a competitor not to be contemned. But the Yankee spirit is undaunted, and not content with the successive triumphs of the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*, it is ready with a new vessel for the new contestant.

The *Volunteer* is not a peculiarly happy name, although success would make it a very sweet one. The traditions of the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower* would have been maintained by calling the new yacht *Arabella*, after John Winthrop's ship, or *Shawmut*, after the peninsula of Boston, or even, if not too daring, *Boston* itself. The new sloop might have been called the *Minute-Man*, so nimbly it turns out to maintain the honor of American yachts. Its first trial performances have been very encouraging and very promising, and the *Thistle* is reported as somewhat apprehensive of the result of the race.

This yearly contest between the English and American craft, and the refusal of the English to remain beaten and acquiesce in defeat, are very characteristic of the common race, and of Mr. Seth Low's remark in his oration at the Queen's Jubilee, that we both want our own way. It seems as if English yachtsmen had decided that if it takes many summers, they must yet sail until they beat. Having entered upon the contest for the cup, however baffled they may be, they must persevere until they carry it across the sea. It is this spirit which made England the sovereign of the seas, and if she must yield the crown, she has the satisfaction of knowing that it is to her own lineal descendant in her own pluck and endurance.

FOREIGN OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

The declaration of the Ohio Democratic platform, that all lands of the government should be held for actual settlers who are citizens, or who declare their intention to become citizens, gives especial interest to the recent reply of the Attorney-General to the President in regard to the act of March 2, 1887, restricting to citizens the ownership of real estate in the Territories.

The President's questions were these:

> "*First.*—Was the act intended to apply, and does it apply, to mines?
>
> "*Second.*—Can aliens lawfully acquire, own, and hold shares or stock issued by an American corporation which is the owner of mineral lands in the Territories?
>
> "*Third.*—Would the advancement of money by aliens for the purpose of developing mining properties be lawful under the act?
>
> "*Fourth.*—Can aliens lawfully contract with American owners for working mines or making any proper use of mineral lands for a term of years?"

The Attorney-General, after giving the reasons of his conclusions, states them succinctly as follows:

> "*First.*—As mines are real estate, or inheritable interests in real estate, the act does not apply to them.
>
> "*Second.*—As stock in a corporation is personalty, an alien can lawfully have, own, and hold shares of stock issued by an American corporation which is now the owner of mineral lands in Territories; but if the holding by aliens exceeds twenty per cent., such corporation can neither acquire, hold, own, or hereafter acquire real estate while more than twenty per cent. of stock is held and owned by aliens.
>
> "*Third.*—Under the act the advancement of money hereafter by aliens for the purpose of developing mining property is lawful, but no interest in the real estate can be acquired by such advancement, nor would an alien have the right to purchase the real estate nor any interest therein on a loan made since the passage of the act, even if sold on his own security or lien.
>
> "*Fourth.*—Aliens may lawfully contract with American owners to work mines by personal contracts for hire, or by *bona fide* leases, for a reasonable time."

UNIFORM TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The excellent bill for uniform teachers' examinations in New York which was not signed by Governor Hill was approved, as we said, by the great body of school commissioners and teachers in the State. The loss of the bill was considered by them to be so serious a misfortune that at the late annual meeting of the school-teachers of New York at Elizabethtown they unanimously resolved to urge the School Commissioners to request the State Superintendent to prepare monthly lists of questions to be used simultaneously in the examination of teachers, and that the Commissioners should issue no license without a written examination upon the questions, the papers to be filed, and, if desired, forwarded to the Department for inspection.

A committee was appointed to prepare a circular, which has been sent to every Commissioner in the State, setting forth the need of the reform bill, and stating that they have the assurance of the State Superintendent that he will gladly co-operate with the plan if the Commissioners assent. The committee also furnish a blank form of request to be signed by the Commissioners.

This is an excellent plan. It would secure a trial of the scheme, which, if successful, would lead to the passage of a law. The project has been fully discussed. It is approved by the overwhelming mass of teachers and Commissioners, and it is in itself so reasonable that its practical adoption is not likely to be long delayed.

THE SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY.

It is proposed to complete the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon by enlarging the memorial library to include a complete collection of the editions, English and foreign, and the translations, of Shakespeare's works, and of all the best critical and other literature illustrative, not only of these works, but also of Shakespeare's life and of Shakespeare's England, and all the best dramatic works, both English and foreign, and all works, historical, biographical, and critical, which illustrate the rise and progress of the acted drama in Europe and America.

The Memorial now comprises a theatre, a picture-gallery, and a library. It was built at a cost of $125,000, of which sum the larger part was contributed by Mr. Charles E. Flower and other resident of Stratford-on-Avon and its neighborhood. In the theatre occasional dramatic representations are given. The picture-gallery contains a choice collection of paintings illustrative of Shakespeare and his works. The library contains already about two thousand volumes, the greater part of which consists of Shakespeare's own works and Shakespeariana.

A meeting was recently held in the Lyceum Theatre in London, under the chairmanship of Mr. Henry Irving, at which several distinguished gentlemen, including our minister, Mr. Phelps, made addresses, and a committee was appointed to promote the general object. Mr. Phelps said that Americans would not only consent to contribute, but would claim it as a right and a privilege. Every lover of Shakespeare everywhere is cordially invited to aid the work in any way that may seem to him best, whether by gifts of duplicate works, or the deposit of valuable books, engravings, relics, or by donations of money. Inquiries may be addressed to Mr. Hawley, Librarian, Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. Bush & McFetridge have published an outline map of Philadelphia and its surroundings, which the Committee on Science and Arts of the Franklin Institute declares to be a very attractive, interesting, valuable, and accurate representation of the city. The contour of the buildings on every one of Philadelphia's multitudinous squares is clearly indicated, and any one disposed to doubt that the City of Brotherly-Love contains more houses than New York will find the evidence of the map conclusive on that point.

—James Seligman, the well-known banker, has been elected a member of the Committee on Admissions of the New York Stock Exchange, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Vice-President Alfred B. Hill.

—Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., the traveller, and author of *The Land of the White Elephant* and other popular books of travel, has just returned from a journey of two and one-half years and fifty-five thousand miles in South and Central America, Mexico, and the Western United States. Mr. Vincent has visited every capital and every important seaport in South America, besides making several important explorations of its imperfectly known interior. An account of his varied experiences, splendidly illustrated from photographs gathered by himself, will soon be ready for publication.

—Will Carleton is writing, in a series of delightful letters which appear in the New York *Star*, the record of his walks about Long Island.

—Henry Lockwood, the oldest living stereotyper of New York, who was the first apprentice of Fletcher Harper after the latter had attained his majority, is reported as being still strong and active, and though in his seventy-fifth year, as thinking nothing of taking a walk of ten miles.

—Archbishop Seghers, who was recently murdered on the Yukon River by his servant, was one of the pioneers in carrying the Gospel into the far Northwest. For thirty years he had filled numerous posts on the frontier, and for more than a decade he had labored in Alaska. His mastery of Russian and of many Indian dialects made him a power with the natives, whom he always treated with great kindness. He pleaded the cause of Alaska at the Plenary Council in Baltimore in 1884, and made an eloquent appeal for help in educating and Christianizing the Indians.

—D. E. Sassoon, the largest dealer in opium in Hong-Kong, recently arrived in San Francisco. He declares that the culture of opium in China is constantly increasing, and that a few years will see Indian opium driven from the market. The opium habit is gaining ground among the Chinese people, despite the efforts of the government to check it.

—Camulos, the old Spanish-Californian ranch selected by Mrs. Jackson as the home of "Ramona," was the scene recently of the annual barbecue of the Del Valle family, the owners of the hacienda for nearly a century. Several hundred relatives and friends were present, and gathered about the hospitable board, which was spread in the open air. The *pièce de résistance* was a noble bullock, barbecued in the Spanish style.

—Special agent Lee Meriwether, of the Labor Department at Washington, has had considerable trouble in getting photographs of Chinese in San Francisco. In an opium den which he entered unexpectedly with three policemen, the officers were compelled to handcuff some of the inmates in order to make them keep still and submit to the camera.

—A journalistic correspondent in Chicago calls attention to the fact that General Sheridan is a native of New York State, and not of Ohio, as he is generally said to be. His mother is still living in Somerset, Ohio, in the home of the General's boyhood, and it is on her authority that the statement is made that the illustrious "Phil," the second child of a family of six, first saw the light in Albany, New York, on March 6, 1831.

—Lord Ronald Gower, the son of the famous Duchess of Sutherland, and well known by his *Reminiscences* and his recent work on Marie Antoinette, arrived last week in San Francisco from China. He is taking a leisurely tour around the world. The trip is a repetition of the one which he made about four years ago. It is one of the peculiarities of Lord Ronald to wear an orchid boutonnière, and to present his lady friends with handsome bouquets.

—Mr. George F. Boker, of Philadelphia, has shown a growing religious spirit in his more recent poetry, culminating in the memorial volume he published three years ago, and recently he was confirmed as a member of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church.

—Charles T. Parry, the oldest of the great firm which owns the Baldwin Locomotive Works, died in Philadelphia, leaving a large fortune and a still larger circle of practical charities, for it has been a remarkable characteristic of this great establishment that for half a century it has been in the hands of men who used their wealth with great liberality.

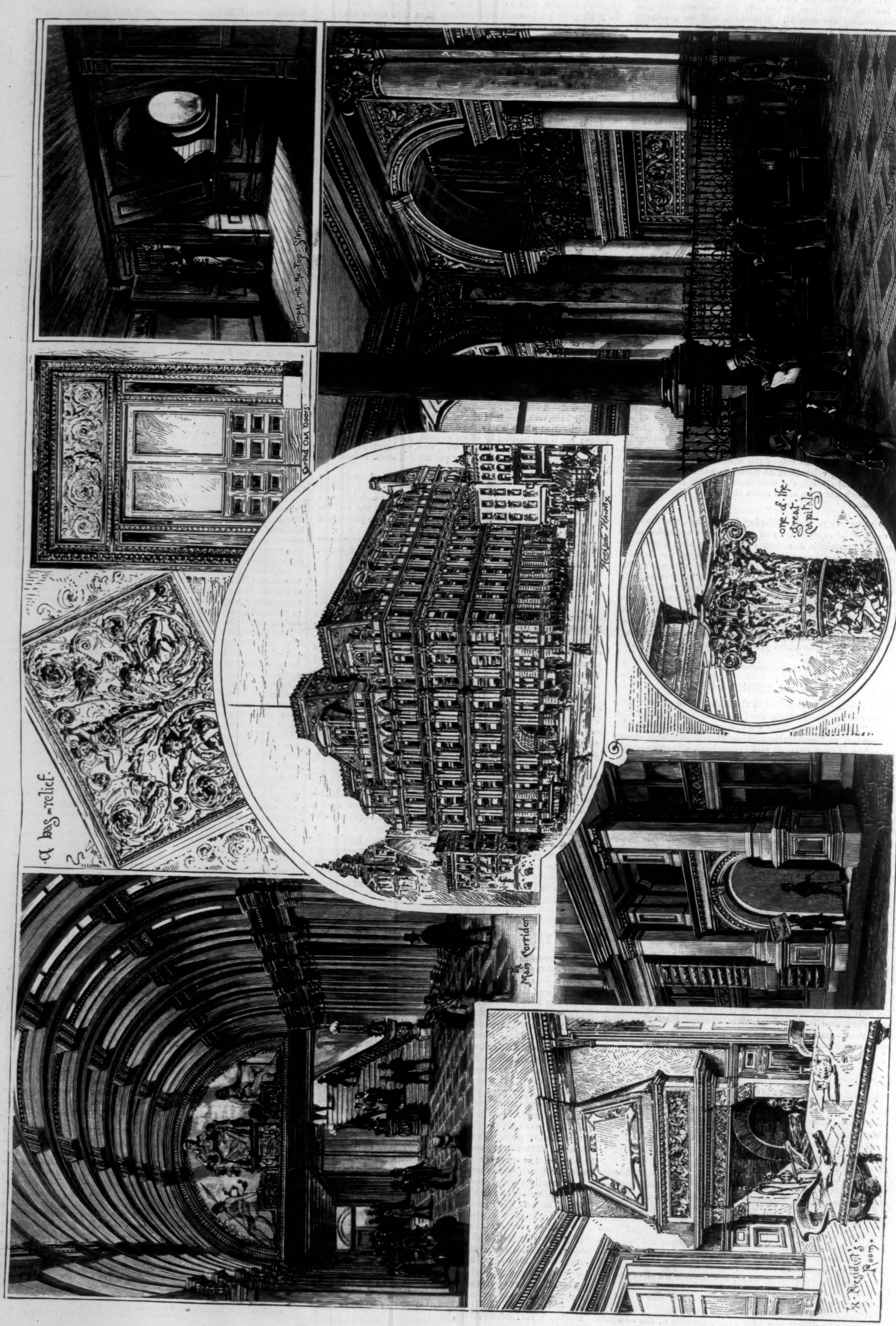
—Dr. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins, has declined the Presidency of Adelbert College, in Cleveland, recently offered him.

—The Philadelphia men who purchased one of the Chicago street railways not long ago have been having a hard time of it in the courts with property holders who opposed the introduction of the cable system, and now they are in a fight with R. W. Roloson, one of the best known men in the Chicago Board of Trade, who has begun suit to set aside the transfer of the road. Mr. Roloson is a great power in Chicago, and says he will give the Philadelphians all the fight they want.

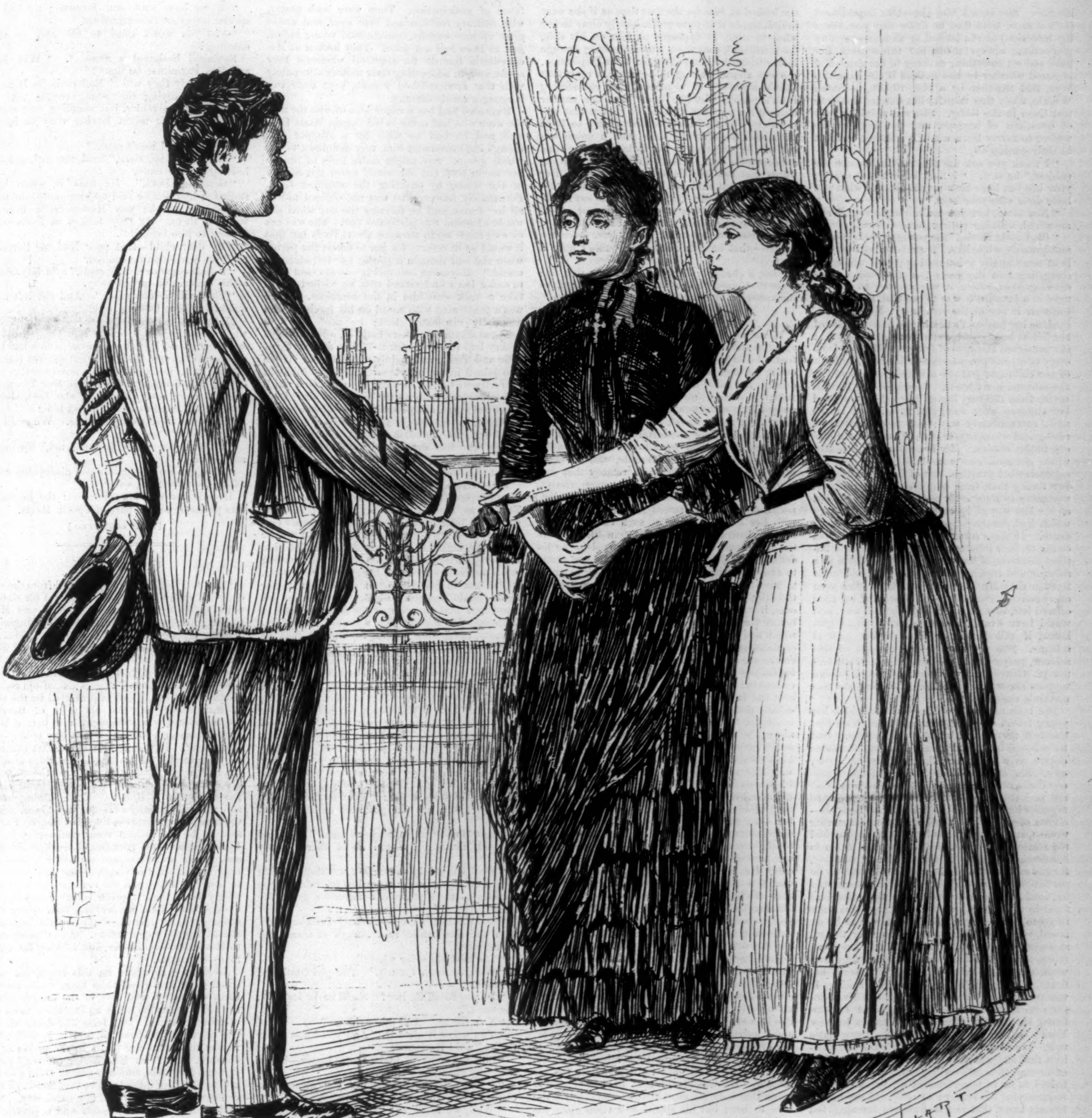
—Mr. Frank Furness has recently prepared the design for a library building for the University of Pennsylvania.

—Dr. Maturin, of Dublin, of whom Dr. A. J. Mahaffy, the Greek scholar, recently wrote that his death deprived the Irish Church of its most eloquent preacher, was the father of Mr. Maturin, perhaps the most eloquent preacher in the Protestant Episcopal clergy in Philadelphia when he officiated in St. Clement's, and the son of Charles Robert Maturin, a poet and dramatist whose novels and plays attracted attention in the first quarter of the century. The three afford a remarkable instance of three clergymen, all with talents above the ordinary, and representing widely different views of priestly office.

—Agostino Depretis, the Italian Prime-Minister, who died the other day, had a very remarkable career. He was in public life continuously since 1848, and was the only member of the Italian Parliament who sat in every Chamber elected since the formation of the Italian Kingdom. He fought under Garibaldi in Sicily, and was left as Pro-Dictator in Palermo when the Liberator and his following crossed to the main-land. From one of the chiefs of the radical democracy Depretis developed in later years into a moderate Liberal, which in Italy means a Conservative. He leaves a place which it will be very difficult to fill, if for no other reason than that very few men indeed possess in any such degree as he did the faculty of holding together his followers and conciliating his opponents. Sir Charles Dilke says of him in a recent "Franklin Square": "It is confidently asserted, and more than that, it is believed, that had he failed in forming his new ministry, which contains a preponderating representation of the Left, he had in his pocket a second list, for presentation to the King, of a cabinet containing a predominant element of the Right."


A bas-relief
Carved Oak Doors
A Glimpse into the Top Story
Hughson Hawley
one of the great capitals
Main Corridor
The President's Room

THE COMPLETED BUILDING OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 559.]



"'GOOD-BY, DORA.' HE SAID NOTHING MORE—HE WAS SO ANNOYED AT THE WAY MADEMOISELLE BOURDE WATCHED THEM."—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

COUSIN MARIA.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

By HENRY JAMES.

I.

"WHY, Cousin Raymond, how can you suppose? Why, she's only sixteen!"

"She told me she was seventeen," said the young man, as if it made a great difference.

"Well, only *just!*" Mrs. Temperly replied, in the tone of graceful, reasonable concession.

"Well, that's a very good age for me. I'm very young."

"You are old enough to know better," the lady remarked, in her soft, pleasant voice, which always drew the sting from a reproach, and enabled you to swallow it as you would a cooked plum without the stone. "Why, she hasn't finished her education!"

"That's just what I mean," said her interlocutor. "It would finish it beautifully for her to marry me."

"Have you finished yours, my dear?" Mrs. Temperly inquired. "The way you young people talk about marrying!" she exclaimed, looking at the itinerant functionary with the long wand who touched into a flame the tall gas lamp on the other side of the Fifth Avenue. The pair were standing in the recess of a window in one of the big public rooms of an immense hotel, and the October day was turning to dusk.

"Well, would you have us leave it to the old?" Raymond asked. "That's just what I think—she would be such a help to me," he continued. "I want to go back to Paris to study more. I have come home too soon. I don't know half enough; they know more here than I thought. So it would be perfectly easy, and we should all be together."

"Well, my dear, when you do come back to Paris we will talk about it," said Mrs. Temperly, turning away from the window.

"I should like it better, Cousin Maria, if you trusted me a little more," Raymond sighed, observing that she was not really giving her thoughts to what he said. She irritated him somehow; she was so full of her impending departure, of her arrangements, her last duties and *memoranda*. She was not exactly important, any more than she was humble; she was too conciliatory for the one and too positive for the other. But she bustled quietly, and gave one the sense of being "up to" everything; the successive steps of her enterprise were in advance perfectly clear to her, and he could see that her imagination (conventional as she was, she had plenty of that faculty) had already taken up its abode on one of those fine *premiers*, which she had never seen, but which by instinct she seemed to know all about, in the very best part of the quarter of the Champs Elysées. If she ruffled him, envy had perhaps something to do with it: she was to set sail on the morrow for the city of his affection, and he was to stop in New York, where the fact that he was but half pleased didn't alter the fact that he had his studio on his hands, and that it was a bad one (though perhaps as good as any use he should put it to), which no one would be in a hurry to relieve him of.

It was easy for him to talk to Mrs. Temperly in that airy way about going back, but he couldn't go back unless the old gentleman gave him the means. He had already given him a great many things in the past, and with the others coming on (Marian's marriage outfit, within three months, had cost literally thousands), Raymond had not at present the face to ask for more. He must sell some pictures first, and to sell them he must first paint them. It was his misfortune that he saw what he wanted to do so much better than he could do it. But he must really try and please himself—an effort that appeared more possible now that the idea of following Dora across the ocean had become an incentive. In spite of secret aspirations, and even intentions, however, it was not encouraging to feel that he made really no impression at all on Cousin Maria. This certitude was so far from agreeable to him that he almost found it in him to drop the endearing title by which he had hitherto addressed her. It was only that, after all, her husband had been distantly related to his mother. It was not as a cousin that he was interested in Dora, but as something very much more intimate. I know not whether it occurred to him that Mrs. Temperly herself would never give his displeasure the benefit of dropping the affectionate form. She might shut her door to him altogether, but he would always be her kinsman and her dear. She was much addicted to these little embellishments of human intercourse—the friendly apostrophe, and even the caressing hand—and there was something homely and cozy, a kind of rustic, motherly *bonhomie*, in her use of them. She was as lavish of them as she was really careful in the selection of her friends.

She stood there with her hand in her pocket, as if she were feeling for something; her little plain, pleasant face was presented to him with a kind of musing smile, and he vaguely wondered whether she were fumbling for a piece of money to buy him off from wishing to marry her daughter. Such an idea would be quite in keeping with the disguised levity with which she treated his state of mind. If her levity was wrapped up in the air of tender solicitude for everything that related to the feelings of her child, that only made her failure to appreciate his suit more deliberate. She struck him almost as impertinent (at the same time that he knew this was never her intention) as she looked up at him—her tiny proportions always made her throw back her head and set something dancing in her cap—and inquired whether he had noticed if she gave two keys, tied together by a blue ribbon, to Susan Winkle, when that faithful but flurried domestic met them in the lobby. She was thinking only of questions of luggage, and the fact that he wished to marry Dora was the smallest incident in their getting off.

"I think you ask me that only to change the subject," he said. "I don't believe that ever in your life you have been unconscious of what you have done with your keys."

"Not often, but you make me nervous," she answered, with her patient, honest smile.

"Oh, Cousin Maria!" the young man exclaimed, ambiguously, while Mrs. Temperly looked humanely at some totally uninteresting people who came straggling into the great hot, frescoed, velvety drawing-room, where it was as easy to see you were in a hotel as it was to see that, if you were, you were in one of the very best. Mrs. Temperly, since her husband's death, had passed much of her life at hotels, where she flattered herself that she preserved the tone of domestic life free from every taint, and promoted the refined development of her children; but she selected them as well as she selected her friends. Somehow they became better from the very fact of her being there, and her children were smuggled in and out in the most extraordinary way; one never met them racing and whooping, as one did hundreds of others, in the lobbies. Her frequentation of hotels, where she paid enormous bills, was part of her expensive but practical way of living, and also of her theory that, from one week to another, she was going to Europe for a series of years as soon as she had wound up certain complicated affairs which had devolved upon her at her husband's death. If these affairs had dragged on, it was owing to their inherent troublesomeness, and implied no doubt of her capacity to bring them to a solution and to administer the very considerable fortune that Mr. Temperly had left. She used every convenience that the civilization of her time offered her, in a superior, unprejudiced way, and would have lived, without hesitation, in a lighthouse, if this had contributed to her general scheme. She was now, in the interest of this scheme, preparing to use Europe, which she had not yet visited, and with none of whose foreign tongues she was acquainted. This time she was certainly embarking.

She took no notice of the discredit which her young friend appeared to throw on the idea that she had nerves, and betrayed no suspicion that he believed her to have them in about the same degree as a sleek, sound, productive Alderney cow. She only moved toward one of the numerous doors of the room, as if to remind him of all she had still to do before night. They passed together into the long wide corridor of the hotel—a vista of soft carpet, numbered doors, wandering women, and perpetual gas-light—and approached the staircase by which she must ascend again to her domestic duties. She counted over, serenely, for his enlightenment, those that were still to be performed; but he could see that everything would be finished by nine o'clock—the time she had fixed in advance. The heavy luggage was then to go to the steamer; she herself was to be on board, with the children and the smaller things, at eleven o'clock the next morning. They had thirty pieces, but this was less than they had when they came from California five years before. She wouldn't have done that again. It was true that at that time she had had Mr. Temperly to help—he had died, Raymond remembered, six months after the settlement in New York; but, on the other hand, she knew more now. It was one of Mrs. Temperly's amiable qualities that she admitted herself, so candidly, to be still susceptible of development. She never professed to be in possession of all the knowledge requisite for her career; not only did she let her friends know that she was always learning, but she appealed to them to instruct her, in a manner which was in itself an example. When Raymond said to her that he took for granted she would let him come down to the steamer for a last good-by, she not only consented graciously, but added that he was free to call again at the hotel in the evening if he had nothing better to do. He must come between nine and ten; she expected several other friends—those who wished to see the last of them, yet didn't care to come to the ship. Then he would see all of them—she meant all of themselves, Dora and Effie and Tishy, and even Mademoiselle Bourde. She spoke exactly as if he had never approached her on the subject of Dora, and as if Tishy, who was ten years of age, and Mademoiselle Bourde, who was the French governess, and forty, were objects of no less an interest to him. He felt what a long pull he should have ever to get round her, and the sting of this knowledge was in his consciousness that Dora was really in her mother's hands. In Mrs. Temperly's composition there was not a hint of the bully; but none the less she held her children—she would hold them forever. It was not simply by tenderness; but what it was by she knew best herself. Raymond appreciated the privilege of seeing Dora again that evening, as well as on the morrow; yet he was so vexed with her mother that his vexation betrayed him into something that almost savored of violence—a fact which I am ashamed to have to chronicle, as Mrs. Temperly's own urbanity deprived such breaches of every excuse. It may, perhaps, serve partly as an excuse for Raymond Bestwick that he was in love, or at least that he thought he was. Before she parted from him at the foot of the staircase he said to her, "And of course, if things go as you like over there, Dora will marry some foreign prince."

She gave no sign of resenting this speech, but she looked at him for the first time as if she were hesitating, as if it were not instantly clear to her what to say. It appeared to him, on his side, for a moment, that there was something strange in her hesitation, that abruptly, by an inspiration, she was almost making up her mind to reply that Dora's marriage to a prince was, considering Dora's peculiarities (he knew that her mother deemed her peculiar, and so did he, but that was precisely why he wished to marry her), so little probable that, after all, once such a union was out of the question, *he* might be no worse than another plain man. These, however, were not the words that fell from Mrs. Temperly's lips. Her embarrassment vanished in her clear smile. "Do you know what Mr. Temperly used to say? He used to say that Dora was the pattern of an old maid—that she would never make a choice."

"I hope—because that would have been too foolish—that he didn't say she wouldn't have a chance."

"Oh, a chance! what do you call by that fine name?" Cousin Maria exclaimed, laughing, as she ascended the stair.

II.

When he came back, after dinner, she was again in one of the public rooms; she explained that a lot of the things for the ship were spread out in her own parlors; there was no space to sit down. Raymond was highly gratified by this fact; it offered an opportunity for strolling away a little with Dora, especially as, after he had been there ten minutes, other people began to come in. They were entertained by the rest, by Effie, and Tishy, who was allowed to sit up a little, and by Mademoiselle Bourde, who besought every visitor to indicate her a remedy that was *really* effective against the sea—some charm, some philter, some potion or spell. "Never mind, ma'm'selle, I've got a remedy," said Cousin Maria, with her cheerful decision, each time; but the French instructress always began afresh. As the young man was about to be parted for an indefinite period from the girl whom he was ready to swear that he adored, it is clear that he ought to have been equally ready to swear that she was the fairest of her species. In point of fact, however, it was no less vivid to him than it had been before that he loved Dora Temperly for qualities which had nothing to do with straightness of nose or pinkness of complexion. Her figure was straight, and so was her character, but her nose was not, and Philistines and other vulgar people would have committed themselves, without a blush on their own flat faces, to the assertion that she was decidedly plain. In his artistic imagination he had analogies for her, drawn from legend and literature; he was perfectly aware that she struck many persons as silent, shy, and angular, while his own version of her peculiarities was that she was like a figure on the *predella* of an early Italian painting, or a mediæval maiden wandering about a lonely castle, with her lover gone to the Crusades. To his sense, Dora had but one defect—her admiration for her mother was too undiscriminating. An ardent young man may well be slightly vexed when he finds that a young lady will probably never care for him so much as she cares for her parent; and Raymond Bestwick had this added ground for chagrin, that Dora had—if she chose to take it—so good a pretext for discriminating. For she had nothing whatever in common with the others; she was not of the same stuff as Mrs. Temperly and Effie and Tishy. She was original and generous and uncalculating, besides being full of perception and taste in regard to the things *he* cared about. She knew nothing of conventional signs or estimates, but understood everything that might be said to her from an artistic point of view. She was formed to live in a studio, and not in a stiff drawing-room, amid upholstery horribly new; and, moreover, her eyes and her voice were both charming. It was only a pity she was so gentle; that is, he liked it for himself, but he deplored it for her mother. He considered that he had virtually given that lady his word that he would not make love to her; but his spirits had risen since his visit of three or four hours before. It seemed to him, after thinking things over more intently, that a way would be opened for him to return to Paris. It was not probable that in the interval Dora would be married off to a prince, for, in the first place, the foolish race of princes would be sure not to appreciate her, and in the second, she would not, in this matter, simply do her mother's bidding—her gentleness would not go so far as that. She might remain single by the maternal decree, but she would not take a husband who was disagreeable to her. In this reasoning Raymond was obliged to shut his eyes very tight to the danger that some particular prince might not be disagreeable to her, as well as to the attraction proceeding from what her mother might announce that she would "do." He was perfectly aware that it was in Cousin Maria's power, and would probably be in her pleasure, to settle a handsome marriage fee upon each of her daughters. He was equally certain that this had nothing to do with the nature of his own interest in the eldest, both because it was clear that Mrs. Temperly would do very little for *him*, and because he didn't care how little she did.

Effie and Tishy sat in the circle, on the edge of rather high chairs, while Mademoiselle Bourde surveyed in them with complacency the results of superior educative processes. Tishy was a child, but Effie was fifteen, and they were both very nice little girls, arrayed in fresh travelling dresses, and deriving a quaintness from the fact that Tishy was already armed, for foreign adventures, with a smart new reticule from which she could not be induced to part, and that Effie had her finger in her "place" in a fat red volume of "Murray." Raymond knew that in a general way their mother would not have allowed them to appear in the drawing-room with these adjuncts, but something was to be allowed to the fever of anticipation. They were both pretty, with delicate features and blue eyes, and would grow up into worldly, conventional young ladies, just as Dora had not done. They looked at Mademoiselle Bourde for approval whenever they spoke and, in addressing their mother alternately with that accomplished woman, kept their two languages neatly distinct.

Raymond had but a vague idea of who the people were who had come to bid Cousin Maria farewell, and he had no wish for a sharper one, though she introduced him, very definitely, to the whole group. She might make light of him in her secret soul, but she would never put herself in the wrong by omitting the smallest form. Fortunately, however, he was not obliged to like all her forms, and he foresaw the day when she would abandon this particular one. She was not so well made up in advance about Paris but that it would be in reserve for her to detest the period when she had thought it proper to "introduce all round." Raymond detested it already, and tried to make Dora understand that he wished her to take a walk with him in the corridors. There was a gentleman with a curl on his forehead who especially displeased him; he made childish jokes, at which the others laughed, all at once, as if they had rehearsed for it—jokes *à la portée* of Effie and Tishy, and mainly about them. These two joined in the merriment, as if they followed perfectly, as indeed they might, and gave a small sigh afterward, with a little factitious air. Dora remained grave, almost sad; it was when she was different, in this way, that he felt how much he liked her. He hated, in general, a large ring of people who had drawn up chairs in the public room of a hotel; some one was sure to undertake to be funny.

He succeeded at last in drawing Dora away; he endeavored to give the movement a casual air. There was nothing peculiar, after all, in their walking a little in the passage, a dozen other persons were doing the same. The girl had the air of not suspecting in the least that he could have anything particular to say to her—of responding to his appeal simply out of her general gentleness. It was not in her companion's interest that her mind should be such a blank; nevertheless his conviction that in spite of the ministrations of Mademoiselle Bourde she was not falsely ingenuous, made him repeat to himself that he would still make her his own. They took several turns in the hall, during which it might still have appeared to Dora Temperly that her cousin Raymond had nothing particular to say to her. He remarked several times that he should certainly turn up in Paris in the spring, but when once she had replied that she was very glad, that subject seemed exhausted. The young man cared little, however—it was not a question now of making any declaration; he only wanted to be with her. Suddenly, when they were at the end of the corridor furthest removed from the room they had left, he said to her: "Your mother is very strange. Why has she got such an idea about Paris?"

"How do you mean, such an idea?" He had stopped, making the girl stand there before him.

"Well, she thinks so much of it without having ever seen it, or really knowing anything. She appears to have planned out such a great life there."

"She thinks it's the best place," Dora rejoined, with the dim smile that always charmed our young man.

"The best place for what?"

"Well, to learn French." The girl continued to smile.

"Do you mean for her? She'll never learn it; she can't."

"No; for us. And other things."

"You know it already. And *you* know other things," said Raymond.

"She wants us to know them better—better than any girls know them."

"I don't know what things you mean," exclaimed the young man, rather impatiently.

"Well, we shall see," Dora returned, laughing.

He said nothing for a minute, at the end of which he remarked: "I hope you won't be offended if I say that it seems curious that your mother should have such aspirations—such Napoleonic plans; I mean being just a quiet little lady from California, who has never seen any of the kind of thing that she has in her head."

"That's just why she wants to see it, I suppose; and I don't know why her being from California should prevent. At any rate, she wants us to have the best. Isn't the best taste in Paris?"

"Yes; and the worst." It made him gloomy when she defended the old lady, and to change the subject he asked: "Aren't you sorry, this last night, to leave your own country for such an indefinite time?"

It didn't cheer him up that the girl should answer: "Oh, I would go anywhere with mother!"

"And with *her?*" Raymond demanded, sarcastically, as Mademoiselle Bourde came in sight, emerging from the drawing-room. She approached them; they met her in a moment, and she informed Dora that Mrs. Temperly wished her to come back and play a part of that composition of Saint-Saens—the last one she had been learning—for Mr. and Mrs. Parminter; they wished to judge whether their daughter could manage it.

"I don't believe she can," said Dora, smiling; but she was moving away to comply, when her companion detained her a moment.

"Are you going to bid me good-by?"

"Won't you come back to the drawing-room?"

"I think not; I don't like it."

"And to mamma—you'll say nothing?" the girl went on.

"Oh, we have made our farewell; we had a special interview this afternoon."

"And you won't come to the ship in the morning?"

Raymond hesitated a moment. "Will Mr. and Mrs. Parminter be there?"

"Oh, surely they will!" Mademoiselle Bourde declared, surveying the young couple with a certain tactful serenity, but standing very close to them, as if it might be her duty to interpose.

"Well, then, I won't come."

"Well, good-by, then," said the girl, gently, holding out her hand.

"Good-by, Dora." He took it, while she smiled at him, but he said nothing more—he was so annoyed at the way Mademoiselle Bourde watched them. He only looked at Dora—she seemed to him beautiful.

"My dear child—that poor Madame Parminter," the governess murmured.

"I shall come over very soon," said Raymond, as his companion turned away.

"That will be charming." And she left him quickly without looking back.

Mademoiselle Bourde lingered—he didn't know why, unless it was to make him feel, with her smooth, finished French assurance, which had the manner of extreme benignity, that she was following him up. He sometimes wondered whether she copied Mrs. Temperly or whether Mrs. Temperly tried to copy her. Presently she said, slowly rubbing her hands and smiling at him:

"You will have plenty of time. We shall be long in Paris."

"Perhaps you will be disappointed," Raymond suggested.

"How can we be—unless *you* disappoint us?" asked the governess, sweetly.

He left her without ceremony: the imitation was probably on the part of Cousin Maria.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPE ANN.

CAPE ANN ought to be approached from the sea, or by the road which runs from Salem for sixteen miles, through the towns of Beverly and Manchester, and dips inland after passing Magnolia, skirting the west shore of Gloucester Harbor, to that interesting fishing city, the largest and most flourishing in the world, as its people will tell the traveller. The ride along this road is one of the delights of a lifetime. It goes out of old Salem, round the harbor, which is protected by the rock of Marblehead, into the old town of Beverly, where there was a settlement long before WINTHROP came or a Massachusetts Bay colony was thought of. Down the first street that makes a right angle with the main road one rides straight toward the sea, and from there on the ocean is always within hearing, and generally in sight. Far out at sea is Half-way Rock, shining in the sun, the goal of many a famous yacht race. Soon the road plunges into the woods of Beverly Farms, said to be the richest rural community in the United States—the paradise of wealthy Bostonians. Here and there are elaborate houses and neat lawns, but the virgin forest has been disturbed very little, and the road has been so cunningly built that it often comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon the sea, and then a long level stretch runs so near the water that the high tides almost lap the wagon tracks. And thus we come to Manchester-by-the-Sea, and looking far out in many directions.

Here, as everywhere on this coast, not more so on Cape Ann itself than here, where there is more of fashion and less of the unique life of the stern coast, the air is an incentive to an out-of-door existence. One feels like doing all that the body will respond to, and it is difficult to realize that there are limits to the power of endurance. On from Manchester the road passes through Magnolia, which is named from a swamp a little distance inland where that Southern flower flourishes strangely and in a small way. Magnolia is a collection of hotels and unpretentious cottages. Here one gets the view to the north, and along Cape Ann's bold coast. The summer hamlet is at the angle formed by the trend of the coast from the main line into Gloucester Harbor; and now appear the two great lighthouses on Thatcher's Island; and at the foot of the cliff, just inside the mouth of the harbor, is Norman's Woe, where the *Hesperus* was wrecked; and Rafe's Chasm is not far off—a deep fissure in the rocks, into which the September tides sometimes rush with terrible fury. From Magnolia the road is straight to Gloucester Gloucester knows its business, and its odors tell of it. When Cape Ann has been reached, the visitor can hardly move without coming upon a scene of beauty. He may go out to Eastern Point, where stand the ruins of the earthwork that was built to protect the fishing fleet from the Confederate cruisers, or to the older fort still, in the heart of the town, now covered by the small houses of fishermen, which clamber up and down the rocky hill. It was here that the last witch of Gloucester fell down with a broken leg, on the very day and at the very moment when a Cape Ann soldier before Louisburg shot a white goose with a silver button for a bullet. From Gloucester a small yacht may make its way completely round Cape Ann, for this cape is really an island at high tide, and if a boat can sail on the Squam River, the seaward glories of the whole region may be viewed from its deck.

Nearest Gloucester, with its docks and shores crowded with nets and flakes and lobster-pots, with a bulging gray rock to every dozen feet of verdure, is Rockport, the end of the French cable and the centre of the rich granite quarries which have given Cape Ann a representation in almost every city of the Union. To the north and west of Rockport the country is richer, and the settlements are more beautiful.

None is more picturesque than Pigeon Cove and the settlement just on the bluffs of Ipswich Bay. At Pigeon Cove there is an air of very ancient respectability, and the visitor is not surprised to learn that Bryant made it at one time a famous resort for poets. The water lies far below the plain on which are built the old town and the new Runner Park, with its small hotels, but from the point at the end of Cape Ann there is a glorious vision of ocean and bay and the white beaches of Hampton and Rye, the steeples and roofs of Newburyport, and far off, when the day is clear, the Isles of Shoals. On the way back to Gloucester the drive is through roads and hamlets that are very English. It is on the Annisquam side of the cape that culture has set up its tents, and the Cambridge colony is to be found. About all the houses and the roads is the flavor of the salt-water. When the ocean is not full in sight it sends its odors in among the trees, while its little inlets creep into the meadows. Even the fresh ponds occasionally catch an overflowing wave of the sea, and when a native can have nothing else that is maritime he puts an old dory in his front yard and crams it full of petunias or morning-glories.

DISENCHANTMENT.

By MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Blue island in the distant sea!
How often I have sat alone,
My hands crossed idly on my knee,
And watched the white gulls, and to thee
Would gladly on their wings have flown!

For thou to me wast fairy-land;
And as I gazed on thee I dreamed
What soft sea-winds thy blossoms fanned,
What silver waters kissed the sand
That on thy sunny beaches gleamed.

The gray old boatman shook his head;
I won him with a doubled fee;
"The waves were rough;" I felt no dread;
"The way was long;" I only said,
"It brings me, happy isle, to thee!"

What found I when I reached thy side?
Rough shingle, with wet sea-wrack spread,
Black rocks, where rows of fish-nets dried,
An old hulk washed up by the tide,
And gulls' nests, with the birds all fled.

Blue island in the distant sea!
I turn my gaze to thee no more;
Yet sigh to think how fair would be
The old sweet luring dream of thee,
If I had never touched thy shore!

THE NEW EQUITABLE BUILDING.

The Equitable Building, at the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street, became one of the sights of New York at the time of its original erection, nearly twenty years ago. That was just before the days of elevator architecture began, but the new building was unusually lofty; it had perhaps as long a frontage on Broadway as any building below the City Hall Park, and it was solidly built of granite. Its architecture, moreover, had a certain largeness, due not so much to any special felicity of composition or of detail as to the questionable device of uniting externally two interior stories, so that the six stories of the building below the cornice counted as three. The building soon became an institution as well as a spectacle. Ten years ago it was said to house more lawyers than any other edifice in the world, and it became evident that its extension would be profitable to the corporation that owned it, as an investment not less than as an advertisement. It had been enlarged vertically, we believe, by the superposition of a large Mansard, when the possibilities of the elevator had been developed, and by the extension of a narrow building on Pine Street. The opportunity for such an extension as involved a remodelling came with the falling in of leases in 1885, which enabled the owners to acquire the whole block on Broadway and a considerable plot in the rear on Nassau Street. Mr. **George B. Post** was chosen as the architect of the work, and the result is seen in the massive pile illustrated on page 556, which is now virtually finished and ready for occupation.

The designer naturally considered himself bound to conform to the architecture which he found, and which was too solid and costly to be demolished. His work upon the Broadway front is to be seen mainly above the cornice line, in the crowning feature of the central pavilion, and in the main entrance at its base. This entrance is a coffered arch, Roman in form and treatment, and Roman also in magnitude and massiveness, being a granite tunnel over twenty feet in width, and of a nearly equal height and depth. The treatment of the roof has been improved and simplified by the substitution of a large dormer over each wing, pairs of columns bearing a curved pediment, and a like dormer at the centre for a somewhat bewildering miscellany of window-frames in cast metal. The central pavilion is carried half a story higher than the cornice line, and the whole height taken up with a range of four tall openings, their arches carried upon columns standing well free of the wall behind. This arcade is a very effective feature and a successful device for concentrating and culminating the exterior architecture.

The main Roman archway gives access to the main feature of the reconstructed building, the great corridor. A double vestibule, with pilasters of yellow marble, bearing capitals of Mexican onyx and lintels of Knoxville marble, is ceiled with polished marbles in bronze frames. This vestibule opens into a corridor really palatial in scale as well as in treatment. It is not far from thirty feet in breadth by more than a hundred in length, of ample height, and is lighted throughout from the central court of the building above. Like the entrance, it is a tunnel vault, but the tunnel vault is a great skylight of stained glass framed in polished marble. The walls are lined with the same precious materials used in the vestibule, and these are left to impress the spectator by the richness of their polished surfaces, the architectural detail being of the simplest kind—square pilasters with capitals merely moulded, and no carving. At its inward end the corridor is subdivided, half of it continuing as a passage that would still be considered in most office buildings of a sinfully wasteful spaciousness to the entrance on Nassau Street, and the other half containing the main staircase. All this work is of a Roman largeness, prodigality, and apparent solidity. Most spectators would not notice the joints in the marble lintels, which suggest another construction than that which is apparent and appears to be sufficient. There is some notably elaborate and delicate wood-carving in the door-frames, but this is as distinctly of the Italian Renaissance in spirit as the main features are Roman, examples of Roman wood-carving being naturally inaccessible. The tympanum of the arch at the end of the main corridor is filled with a pale and not very effective mosaic allegorizing the tutelary functions of a life-insurance company.

One sentiment induced by the new Equitable Building is a regret that all elevator office buildings could not be built upon an equally ample scale. If owners who run up eight or nine story buildings on a single city lot, or even on two or three lots, could prevail upon themselves to pool their interests with those of adjoining owners, to the extent of making of each block an architectural unit, as has been done in this case, lower Broadway might really become an avenue of palaces.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING AT HARLEM.

The Young Men's Christian Association, which not so many years ago was a single body with limited facilities for work, and quarters altogether modest and unimpressive, has transformed itself greatly in the growth which has kept good pace with metropolitan development. There is more of the element of club life in the organization, and there is more than one house in which this club-life feature is being fostered. Perhaps nothing marks so strongly the progress which has been made in this peculiar religious club system as the styles of architecture selected by the most prosperous of these Christian Association branches that have recently erected new homes for themselves. These new buildings—noticeably the Young Men's Institute for the Young Men's Christian Association on the Bowery, and the house of the Railroad Men's Christian Association, almost within a stone's-throw of the Grand Central Station—are as far superior to the structures which would have been dedicated to men's religious clubs in the days when a stove in a Methodist meeting-house was considered a desecration, and a steeple on a Presbyterian worship-barn a profanation, as are the ornate temples of those sects to-day superior to their forbidding temples of the olden time.

Strongly illustrative of this broadening growth of Christianity, this sentiment which makes it proper to give in a religious association of young men enjoyments to-day that were frowned upon in a day before, and illustrative too of that more liberal spirit in this generation which permits admiration for, and even indulgence in, more impressive church architecture, more profound church music, and which even tends to a getting of a more liturgical form of worship—suggestive of all these things must be to a more than casual observer the new building of the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, an engraving of which is given herewith.

The building occupies two lots on the thoroughfare of Harlem, One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street, adjoining Holy Trinity Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue. It is 50 feet on the street, 120 deep, and 79 high. The imposing front is Flemish in spirit, with a solid ascent-inviting stoop, a hospitable entrance hall, broad windows generous in their light-giving, and above all the gables that a passer-by must look upon a second time to note their quaintness and their steps. There is evident at first sight the entire absence of superficial decoration. The impressive beauty is derived solely from the constructional lines. There is a satisfying aspect of strength in the three lower arches of the two windows and the hallway, with their big hewn stones, and in the solidity of the wall as it rises to the peak. There is no waste in flimsy ornament. The whole effect is gratifying, both because of the graceful magnificence of the design and the harmonious arrangement of the dark gray Nova Scotia sandstone, the dark red Philadelphia pressed brick, and the wrought iron.

The floor on a level with the sidewalk in front is divided into two offices, which may be rented. Above, on the first floor, the front part is divided into a general reception-room, a coat-room, and the reading and department rooms for general Association purposes. Back of these apartments is the great social chamber, with a broad bay-window and an immense chimney-piece. Near this, and accessible to all the rooms, is the private office of the secretary. On the second story, in front, are large class-rooms, private rooms, and a staircase for members leading to the fourth, fifth, and sixth stories, which are fitted up as class-rooms. Many of them have big open brick fire-places, and will be most comfortable intellectual workshops. The rear half of the second story and third, and part of the fourth, is taken up by the public audience hall. There are dressing-rooms for both women and men, a private entrance for speakers, boxes at the sides, and a gallery with a special approach. The seats are regular opera chairs, formed on the plan of an acoustic curve, with eight inches clear face-room to each spectator. There are eight hundred seats in all.

But the great feature in a churchly club-house of this kind is the gymnasium. Pure emotions, religious convictions, and true Christianity find their largest source in the mind supported by the vigorously healthy body, as surely as "half that passes in the world for talent is nothing but exuberant health." And so the gymnasium in the Harlem Young Men's Christian Association Building is a great part thereof. The level of the basement is 13 feet below the street-walk, and much of this space is used for the gymnasium and its conveniences, the large rooms, dressing-chambers, and dressing-closets. The gymnasium itself takes up the entire lower half of the rear of the building. It is 50 feet wide, 75 long, and 20 high. The light and ventilation are complete; the appliances will make the establishment one of the most perfect in the city. There is a double bowling-alley of full size, a running gallery track of regulation width, with a padded floor hanging on individual supports nine feet below the ceiling, and besides this a gallery for visitors, who may look on and not be in the way. The baths are elaborate. There are wash and shower rooms of marble, and a swimming-pool 25 by 15 feet, which will probably be supplied by an Artesian well.

The cost of the building, complete and furnished, will be over $80,000. **Bradford L. Gilbert** is the architect.

EFFECTS OF THE UNDERTOW.

"When the good ship *Constance* went down she was jerked clean under water by thet treach'rous undertow, an' you couldn't see her agin till she was nigh onto a mile out from the shore. An' then she warn't nothin' more'n a pile of broken timber an' torn riggin'."

This characteristic expression was taken from the lips of an old sailor, and used as the text for a powerful sermon by an eminent divine who overheard the remark. The strong, uncertain currents of vice that flow beneath the social life of humanity he likened unto the treacherous undertow of the sea that rushes swiftly but silently a short distance below the placid surface of the waters, and carries its victims to certain death and destruction.

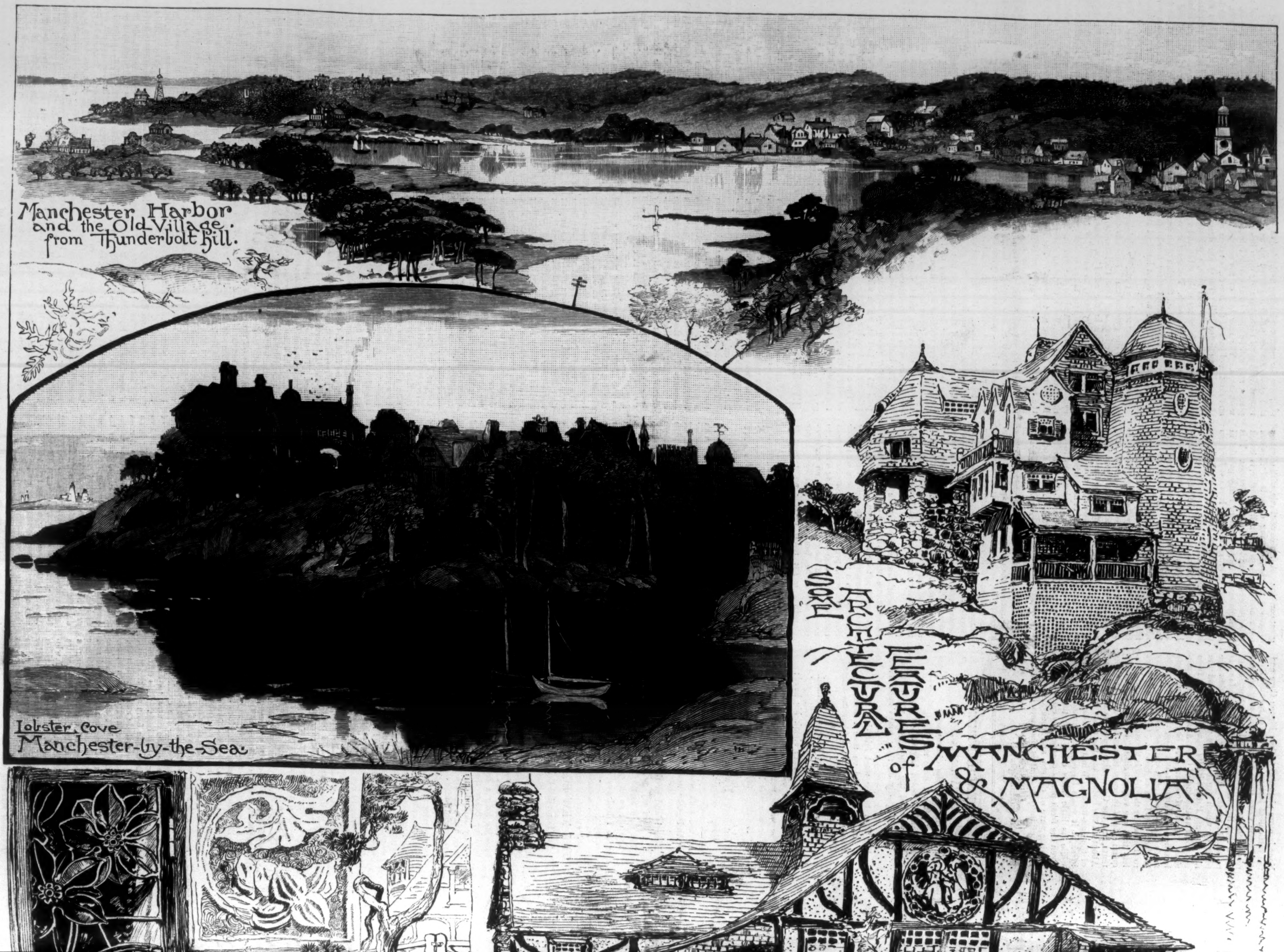
The illustration, powerfully put, was a good one, but unless the hearers were of a sea-loving disposition, considerable explanation might have been required concerning the nature of undertows before the full force of the point could have been comprehended. Undertows are like vice in that they are confined to no particular locality, but make their appearance at all times and places, and in as many forms as vice itself, graduating from the harmless eddy that makes the sand sink beneath your feet on the sandy beach to the fierce maelstrom that hurls stout ships to irretrievable destruction. Every wave that rolls up from the sea and breaks on the gently sloping beach has in it the elements of an undertow. As soon as the wave has expended its force the waters begin to recede. For a moment it would seem as if the sand was all running away from beneath your feet, and no sound foothold could be obtained. Every bather has experienced this sensation, and the timid ones invariably grasp the safety-ropes with a little gasp of terror. If seized suddenly by a strong undertow they would have about the same feeling, only in the latter case the sand would all wash away under their feet, or, more accurately, their feet would be carried away from the sand. The sudden unbalancing of the body would be fatal to the bather, unless a strong rope was in reaching distance; for it does not require a very strong current to carry a floating body out to sea. The unfortunate frequency of undertows near our beaches makes it dangerous for bathers to enter the water unless they are well acquainted with the tides and currents in the neighborhood. The undertows are not so marvellously strong as is frequently quoted, but that they will often carry bathers off their feet and pull them quite a distance seaward is quite evident. When one ventures into salt-water up to his waist he is very light on his feet, and an undercurrent suddenly striking him and washing the sand along with it is liable to upset him in an unceremonious manner. Entangled in the treacherous current, he would be carried hundreds of yards from the shore before he could recover himself, even though he be a good swimmer.

As the undertows flow out to sea they gradually leave the surface of the water and penetrate deeper into the liquid mass, losing their force as they do so. Sometimes their strength is dissipated altogether when reaching deep water and coming in contact with numerous counter undertows or currents, but more often they flow into some permanent current which travels the whole length or breadth of the ocean; hence objects that are caught near the shore by the undertow and carried under the water by the force of the current are likely to be thrown up on the surface of the sea some distance from the beach. The length of time that the objects will remain under water depends solely upon the strength of the rushing waters. This fact has been illustrated frequently in curious ways. Some ten years ago a small schooner laden with a valuable cargo went down off Fire Island Light-house in the middle of a clear day. She had sprung a leak, and owing to the clumsiness of the heavy articles composing the cargo the sailors could not reach the spot where the water was rushing in. The vessel gradually settled down in the water, while the crew took to their boats and escaped to the beach. The exact spot of the accident was located, however, by the captain, and preparations immediately made to raise the sunken schooner. The water was comparatively shallow, and little difficulty was anticipated in getting at the wreck. But the wrecking crew and the captain were all considerably puzzled, when they attempted to find the schooner, at not being able to discover the faintest sign of her whereabouts. The bottom of the ocean was sounded in all directions around the spot pointed out by the captain, but all to no purpose. Finally the work was given up, and the strange disappearance of the schooner attributed to some of those mysterious workings of the sea that have in all ages astonished navigators and divers. The history of the wrecked boat would have probably ended there had it not been for an accidental discovery made shortly afterward. While sounding the sea off the light-house during a fog the lead from an ocean steamer came in contact with the rigging of a wrecked vessel, which was reported to the proper authorities on arriving in the city. On examining the place the lost schooner was brought to light. She was at least three-quarters of a mile from the spot where she had gone down. On discovering later that during high tide a strong undertow frequented that part of the beach, the cause of the strange removal of the boat was attributed to it. It was supposed, and reasonably so, that when the boat sunk, the undertow caught it before it struck bottom and carried it along with it, and finally dropped it in deeper water.

In the same way the strength of the undertows have frequently caused considerable damage in carrying the sounding-lead of vessels along with them. On approaching certain shores the waters frequently become abruptly deep or shallow, so that the time between two "heaves" of the lead might be long enough for a steamer going at a moderate rate to run full upon a submerged sand-bar. Cases are on record where the lead has been thrown and the bottom reached with a moderately short line, and then thrown again only to find no bottom at all. The fact was, however, that the bottom was nearer the surface of the water than when the first lead was thrown, but a strong undertow having seized the heavy piece of lead, the line was played out until it was brought up with a jerk when the end was reached. The lead was hauled in slowly, as plenty of water seemed to be present, and only thrown again after the boat had run ahead a considerable distance. It did not require many fathoms of line to reach the bottom in the next heave; in fact, there was scarcely water enough to float the vessel. The signal to reverse the engines was given at once, but all too late. The boat ran high and dry on the reef before her headway could be checked.

In certain parts of the surf along the south shore of Long Island undertows are so numerous that it is unsafe to go in bathing without one has a fair knowledge of the waters. The series of outlying bars that characterize the beach in certain localities there makes admirable provision for the formation of undertows. Usually where the bars are especially numerous and extensive in formation a large inlet joins the Great South Bay with the ocean. The immense volume of water that rushes through this inlet twice a day creates small whirlpools, eddies, undertows, and all conceivable disturbances. The inlet narrows as it wends its way through the sand-bars, and when the tide in the ocean is at the low-water mark there are still millions of tons in the bay that must be emptied before it will reach the level of the sea. The inlet then is not sufficient to conduct the whole volume seaward quick enough, and the waters, after passing the high banks of the beaches, rush tumultuously over the sand-bars like the waters from a mountain torrent. The rolling breakers are reached, and then a true battle of the elements takes place. Currents are formed on every side, and undertows brought into existence numerously. The rising water of the ocean only adds to the general disturbance, and the undertows are increased in strength and pushed nearer to the beach. Bathers who venture far from the shore in such places are liable to meet with accidents that are generally fatal in their results. Swimmers whose powers of buffeting the angry waves of the ocean have never been doubted have frequently disappeared beneath the waters within sight of their friends, never to reappear again in a recognizable condition. A sudden throwing up of their hands, a quick cry for help, and then a total disappearance of the head, were all that could be observed from the shore. A cramp, or seized by a shark, has usually been the explanation in such cases, and the bathers have retired from the place with a shudder. The chances are, however, in many instances, that the body was caught in a strong undercurrent and carried seaward in spite of the swimmer's struggles to breast the tide. Professional swimmers and coast mariners for this reason deprecate surf-bathing, except in localities where ropes have been strung out into the water for safety purposes. Those who venture out in other places always run more or less risk, which may or may not result disastrously. Many of the smaller currents and undertows in the ocean are never to be depended upon. They are as changeable as the weather, being influenced more or less by the condition of the ocean and the sky. A beach may be entirely free from them at one time, and the next day several will wash its shores and make bathing a dangerous feat. Good bathing-places at our summer watering resorts have been given up because of the sudden appearance of an undertow that has seen fit to flow close inshore.

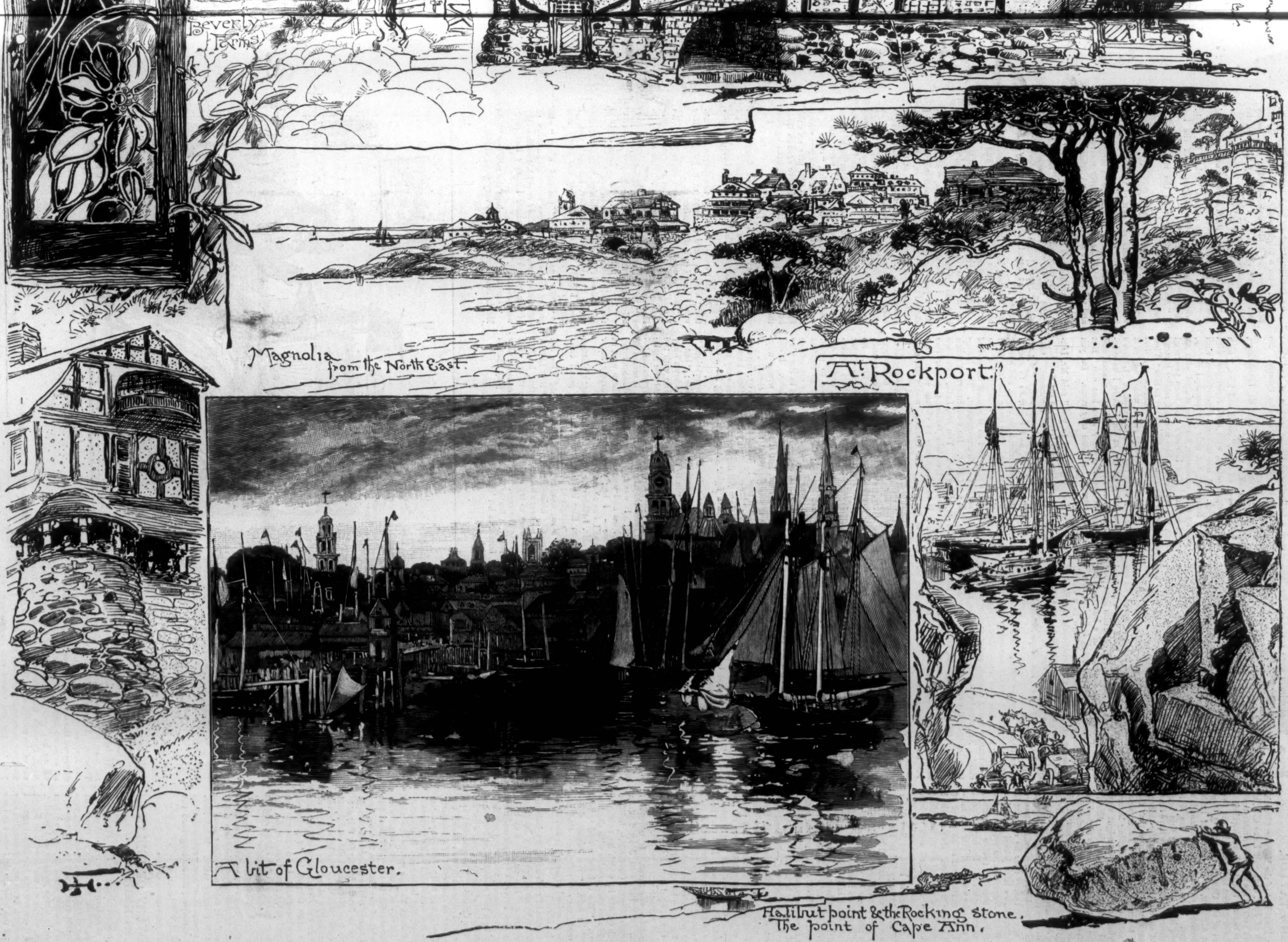
George E. Walsh.



Manchester Harbor and the Old Village from Thunderbolt Hill.

Lobster Cove Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Some Architectural Features of Manchester & Magnolia.


Beverly Farms
Magnolia from the North East.
At Rockport.
A bit of Gloucester.
Halibut point & the Rocking stone. The point of Cape Ann.
H. F.

AROUND CAPE ANN.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 558.]

JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, died on the 25th of July, near Salt Lake City, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. For more than two years he has been a fugitive from the United States officers, having been indicted, with the two other Presidents of the Church, **George Q. Cannon** and **Joseph A. Smith**, in the spring of 1885, under what is commonly called the **Edmunds** law against polygamy. Very few even of the Mormons themselves have known during this long interval where their fugitive Presidents have been concealed. But simultaneously with the tidings of **Taylor**'s death came the assurance that the body would be taken to the great Tabernacle, there to lie in state during the morning before the funeral services, that the people might view it. The formal announcement in the official newspaper of the Mormon Church was signed by his fellow-fugitives, **Cannon** and **Smith**, who bitterly charged his death upon the government officers, whose vigilance had prevented him from taking sufficient exercise.

Born in England in the latter part of the year 1808, **John Taylor** joined the Methodist Church there. At the age of twenty-four he emigrated to Canada, and four years later joined the Mormon Church. When **Joseph Smith** received the pretended revelation naming twelve apostles, **John Taylor** was among them. During the next twenty or thirty years he was employed as a missionary in the United States and in all parts of the British Isles, as also in France. He published in French documents of various sorts, including the Book of Mormon. He edited also various Mormon newspapers, one of them, called *The Mormon*, being published in 1854 in New York city. He was in the Carthage jail in 1844, with **Joseph Smith**, when it was attacked by the people after **Smith** had surrendered himself to the authorities. At that time he was wounded, and one bullet would have been fatal save for striking his watch. On the death of **Brigham Young**, ten years ago, **John Taylor** became, as president of the twelve apostles, **Young**'s successor, and the head of the Church. Three years later he reorganized the first Presidency, so called, still retaining the foremost place for himself.

Apostle **John Taylor** has been the head and front of Mormonism in its resistance to the United States laws against polygamy. More than eight years ago he publicly declared that since the revelations enjoining polygamy were of Divine origin, neither Congress nor the Supreme Court could interfere with them. It is true that a memorial to Congress once represented that **Taylor**, while visiting France in 1853, denied in a pamphlet that polygamy existed at all among the Mormons; but since he himself at that time had five wives, the alleged denial was undoubtedly a part of that word-twisting policy to which Mormon missionaries are given. It is certain that in October, 1885, President **John Taylor** sent to the Mormon General Conference, held at Logan, a general epistle in which he exhorted the people to make no compromise with the law against polygamy. "We did not reveal 'celestial marriages,'" he said. "We cannot withdraw from or renounce our religion. God revealed it, and has promised to maintain and bless those who obey its laws."

The death of a man of such authority, holding such opinions, removes an important prop from the fabric of polygamy. His successor as head of the Church is not likely to be appointed before the autumn conferences, and when selected will undoubtedly be a polygamist—not improbably **Joseph A. Smith**, the nephew of **Joseph Smith**, the founder of the Church. The political and social stampede and demoralization which the Mormon leaders fear as the result of a summary abandonment of polygamy will prevent the choice of any President not committed to its perpetuation. Nevertheless, the institution is doomed, and the death of **John Taylor** severs one more tie connecting the day of **Brigham Young** with the present. Submission to the priesthood has long been the habit of the Mormon Church, and the readiness of nearly all the prominent bishops to go to prison or to live in hiding for this article of their faith has given them the additional prestige of martyrs. But there has been a great change in Mormondom since the rebellion of thirty years ago and since the death of **Brigham Young**. The Mormon Church is not prepared, as a whole, to undertake armed resistance to the United States; and yet, unless this is done, the result of the steady pressure of the laws against polygamy in breaking it down is only a question of time. **John Taylor** himself, in the Conference letter already referred to, declared that there were only "about 12,000 polygamists in a population of 200,000." If this be so, the rule of the minority cannot last many years. What Mormonism really needs is a new "revelation" to **John Taylor**'s successor, announcing that the day of polygamy is done.

A DISCOVERY OF INDIAN MUMMIES.

There were recently lying in San Francisco, awaiting shipment to Europe, the remains of four Arizona Indians, which are, perhaps, the most perfect specimens of the natural embalming process of a dry climate ever found in this country. These remains are simply dried up by the action of an atmosphere in which there is no humidity. Even the viscera, which all embalmers in Egypt found it necessary to remove in order to guard against decomposition, have been desiccated like the other parts of the body, so that one has here the practical result of the embalmer's art with not a single organ of the body removed.

The discovery was made by a party of American prospectors in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Arizona, not far from the border line of old Mexico. These miners were searching for indications of gold, and also for a cave in which it was reported a large amount of treasure and precious stones had been buried. They were following an Indian trail along the steep banks of the Gila River, when one of the number noticed a peculiar formation in the hill-side which seemed artificial. He struck his pick into it, and fetched away a bit of very hard cement. The curiosity of the party was at once excited, and full of the hope that they had at last discovered the treasure cave, they quickly removed the cement, only to find that it covered a wall of solid masonry, evidently the opening into some chamber in the cliff. The stones were laid without mortar, and several of the largest being removed, an entrance was afforded into a rude cave, perhaps twenty-five feet by fifteen. By the dim light they saw at one end the skeleton of a human being propped up in sitting posture. It flashed across their minds at once that they were in a burial-chamber of some of the prehistoric dwellers of the country, and that the mythical treasure was still as great a myth as ever.

An examination of the figure showed that it was that of an unusually powerful man of medium height. Near by were three heaps of stones, which the miners quickly cleared away, exposing to view the remains of three other human beings—a man, a young woman, and a mother and her child. All were in perfect preservation, the features being clearly recognizable. They were all covered with coarse woven cloth, which fell to pieces when touched, and all were crowded into positions with the knees reaching nearly to the chin. The bodies were extremely light, all weighing together only a few pounds. The prospectors determined to remove them to the nearest station, so they were packed in a sack and thrown over the back of a burro. After much trouble with some Indians of the neighborhood, who resented this desecration of the graves of their ancestors, the party reached the railroad, and the bodies were shipped to San Francisco.

There they have been examined by many local physicians and scientists, all of whom have been puzzled to determine whether the remains are those of Aztecs, Moquis, or Zuñis. The weight of opinion seems to be that they are Moquis. The mystery is deepened by the fact that not a single scrap of writing or hieroglyphic was found in the cave or on the bodies. The only means of identification lies in the coarse cloth, of various texture and pattern, found wrapped about the bodies. The uncovered body found at the end of the cave was in the finest preservation, even the hair and eyebrows being in good condition. The flesh, as in all the others, is simply dried and shrunk tight over the bones, the tendons are clear and distinct, and the muscles can be plainly traced. The other figures vary in the excellence of preservation. The most striking is the group, evidently mother and child, which was found in one of the graves. The child was a little girl of four or five years, and she was lying close up to her mother, as if for protection.

The face of the mother shows more delicate features than any of the others. One of the other figures, which is doubled up, with the head resting on the knees, is that of a young woman of sixteen or seventeen. Her long hair is finer than that of her companions, and her fingers show greater length and delicacy. The remaining figure is that of a young man of slender form. In all the remains the forehead is high, the eyes round, the hair abundant, fine, and black, the cheek-bones high, the face oval, and the stature from five feet four to five feet seven inches. All the figures are slender except that of the large man who was found uncovered at the end of the cave. No care seems to have been taken to make the remains presentable.

The features of all these bodies would seem to preclude the possibility that they are Aztecs or Toltecs. The weight of opinion of San Francisco archæologists inclines to the belief that they are either Moquis or Zuñis, as it is known that both these people have indulged in cave burial. The region in which they were found—the valley of the Gila—was once the seat of a great empire, and some of the remains, such as the Casas Grandes, show that the people possessed no mean architectural skill. It is the intention of the owner of these curiosities to take them to Europe, where the ablest living archæologists will be given an opportunity to study them.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

KISS HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

Meanwhile the gentlemen upstairs were discussing a serious subject.

"I told you about our friend's play," said Kiss to Mr. Lethbridge—"his undeservedly unsuccessful play, produced a fortnight since at the Star Theatre. There are lines in it which would make the fortune of a poet, but these are not poetical days—on the stage. At a certain theatre, where an eminent brother of the craft, to whom I take off my hat"—he had no hat to take off, but he went through the necessary action—"has the ear of the public, and a following which is simply amazing to contemplate—at that theatre, I grant you, the poetical drama can be produced with great results; but at any other London theatre, risky, very. It requires, for success, a perfect and harmonious combination of rare forces, and such a following as I have spoken of, and these are only to be found in that one theatre. Do you take?"

"Do I understand you?" said Mr. Lethbridge, deeply interested. "Yes."

"With *such* an actor," continued Kiss, "with *such* an organization, with *such* resources, with *such* lavish, but not unwise, expenditure, with *such* a following, not only the poetical drama, but any kind of drama, may be staged with assured result. Had Linton's play been produced *there*, you would see him now all smiles instead of down in the dumps. I don't say to him 'What is the use?' A man has his feelings, and a dramatic author has a double share, which makes it bad for him when the reverse happens. Linton's play was not produced at the theatre I have indicated—more's the pity. He lost a chance, and an eminent actor-manager also lost one. But that is a detail. A time may come. Do you hear me, Linton?"

"I am deeply grateful to you," said Mr. Linton. "You are the best fellow in the world."

"That is sentiment, mere sentiment," said Kiss, coughing down the compliment. "We are now talking business, and I am, so to speak, showing our mutual friend the ropes, and letting him behind the scenes. Not quite the fairy-land most people imagine. I was engaged for the run of Linton's play, and as it ran off instead of on, I am now out of an engagement. Do I blame him? Not a bit of it. He would have as much reason to blame me. You see, Leth, there are certain rules and certain fashions in our line which it is as dangerous to violate as in most lines of business. For instance, would you take a shop on the wrong side of the road?"

"No," replied Mr. Lethbridge, rather vaguely.

"There are business sides and unbusiness sides. Here, a shop is worth five hundred pounds a year; across the road, it isn't worth fifty. So with theatres. Here, comedy; here, comic opera; here, melodrama; here, spectacle; here Shakespeare and the classic; and so on, and so on. Risk the unsuitable, and you come to grief. That's what we did; for I'm bound to confess that Linton was largely influenced by my advice in the matter. I had so firm a belief in the play that I thought it would score anywhere. It *did* score at the Star, but it scored the wrong way, because it was played at the wrong theatre. A knock-down blow! What then? Why, rise and at it again!—yes, though you get a dozen knock-down blows. Nil desperandum: that's my motto. Life's a fight. Are you waiting for a cue, Linton?"

"You are quite right in your observations," said the poor author, with a sad smile; "but it is easier for you to rise after a knock-down blow than it is with me. You are a favorite with the public; they welcome you the moment you make your appearance. The last time I appeared before them they howled at me. And it meant so much! It was not only a case of disappointed ambition and wounded vanity, but there was, at home— I beg your pardon; I scarcely know what I was about to say."

Mr. Lethbridge thought of the empty platters which Kiss had spoken of, and he gazed commiseratingly at Mr. Linton.

"Now, wouldn't you suppose," said Kiss, addressing himself to Mr. Lethbridge, "that Linton was so overwhelmed at his failure that he had no heart to try again? I am happy to say that is not the case. He has already got another play ready, a better one than the last, a play that is bound to hit 'em!"

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Lethbridge, with a bright smile. "I must come the first night; we'll all come—mother and Fanny and Phœbe and Bob. I dare say we shall be able to find room in the pit."

"Plenty," observed Mr. Linton, moodily.

"And bring good thick sticks with you," said Kiss, "to help the applause."

"When is it to be played," asked Mr. Lethbridge, laughing at the suggestion of the big sticks, "and where?"

"Ah," said Kiss, "that's the rub. It is a question not yet decided."

"There are so many managers after it, I suppose?" said Mr. Lethbridge, innocently. "Look at it from a business point of view: accept the best offer at the best theatre."

Kiss leant back in his chair, and laughed long and loud. He had a particularly merry laugh, and the sound was heard in the kitchen.

("That's Mr. Kiss laughing," said Fanny. "The author has said something funny."

"I hope uncle will remember it," added Phœbe, "and tell us what it is. How wonderfully an author must talk, and what wonderful minds they must have! How ever do they think of things?")

"The fact is, Leth," said Kiss, presently, "we have not such a choice of managers and theatres as you imagine."

"Why, surely," said Mr. Lethbridge, "they are only too ready to jump at a good play when it is offered them?"

"If I were asked," said Kiss, "who were the worst possible judges of a manuscript play, I should answer: theatrical managers. As regards Linton's last effort, which he has at the present moment in his coat pocket"—(Mr. Lethbridge knew from this remark what the great bulge was at Mr. Linton's breast, concerning which he had been rather puzzling himself: every now and then the dramatic author put his hand up to the pocket which contained his manuscript, to make sure that the precious documents were safe)—"as regards that," continued Kiss, "there is a certain obtuseness on the part of managers which has to be overcome before the new play sees the light. They have read it, and have shaken their heads at it. Now I pit my judgment against theirs."

"So will I," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"And I say there's money and fame in Linton's last. By-the-way, Linton, that's not at all a bad title for something—'Linton's Last.' Think of it."

"At all events," observed the despondent author, with a lame attempt at a joke, "there would be an end of me after that."

"Not at all, my boy; couldn't spare you. As I said, Leth, the managers, all but one, shake their heads at Linton's play, and, like asses, refuse it."

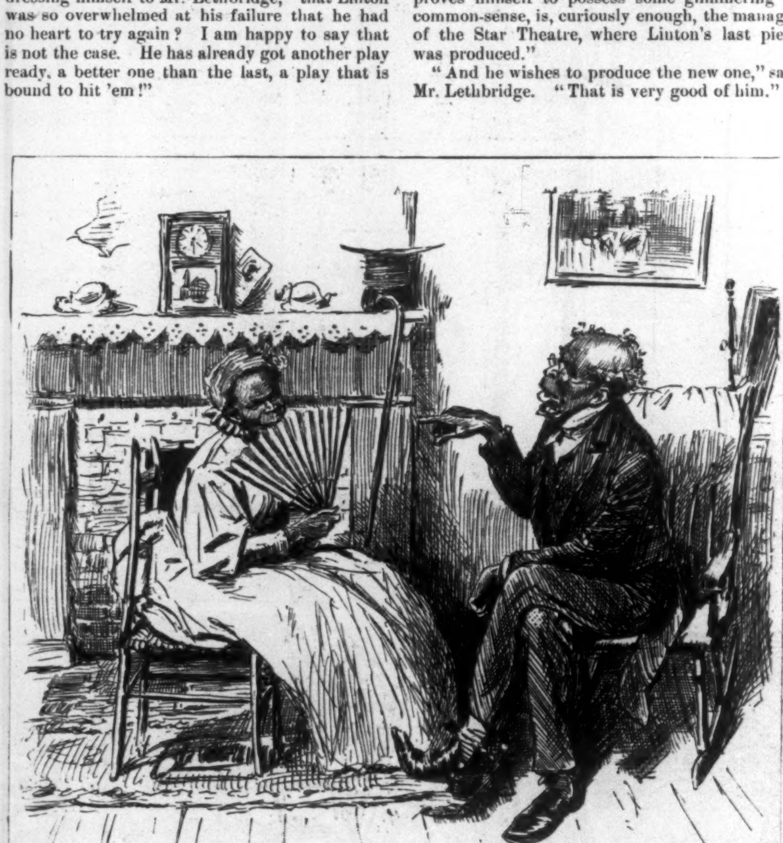
"All but one," said Mr. Lethbridge. "He's a fortunate man, whoever he is."

"He is not *quite* blind. Now, Leth, that is the real reason of our visit to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lethbridge, in great amazement. "I have no influence, I assure you. I wish I had; I should be only too ready and willing to use it."

"This one manager," pursued Kiss, "who proves himself to possess some glimmering of common-sense, is, curiously enough, the manager of the Star Theatre, where Linton's last piece was produced."

"And he wishes to produce the new one," said Mr. Lethbridge. "That is very good of him."



Sister Jones. "Brudder Lightfoot, what's de resin it's so much hotter in de summer dan it are in de winter?"

Brother Lightfoot. "Histery tells us, Sister Jones, dat it am owin' to de fact dat de nights am so short dat de sun, dat grate ball ob fire, don't hab time to cool off."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

"Oh, he knows what he is about, and he is awake to the fact that there is a certain fortune in the play. But, for all that, he's a downy bird—a very downy bird. He argues. Says he, 'Your last piece, Linton, was almost a crusher to me.' At which Linton's heart sinks into his shoes, and he groans, instead of meeting it lightly as he ought to do. But that is a matter of temperament. 'I had to close my theatre,' says the manager of the Star, 'not having another piece ready, and here I am paying rent for shut doors. It has cost me so much,' mentioning a sum, which my experience tells me is the actual, multiplied by four. But that's neither here nor there. The manager of the Star goes on: 'To put the new piece on will cost so much,' again mentioning a sum multiplied by four. 'What do you propose to contribute toward it if I make the venture?' 'I give you my brains,' says Linton; 'that is all I possess.' 'In that case,' says the manager, 'I am afraid it is not to be thought of. I can't afford to stand the entire risk.' I, being present at the interview, step in here. I don't intend to apologize to Linton when I tell you, Leth, that he is not fit to manage his own business. 'You *did* produce a play of Linton's,' I say to the manager—it was called *Boots and Shoes*, Leth; no doubt you remember it—'out of which you made a pot of money.' 'A small pot,' says the manager of the Star; 'a very small pot.' 'And,' says I, 'which you bought right out for fifty pounds.' 'Well,' says the manager, 'that was the bargain, made with our eyes open. When I offered fifty pounds for *Boots and Shoes* I did it for the purpose of doing Linton a good turn. He was hard up at the time, and I risked the fifty on the off chance. If I make by one piece I lose by another.' 'Let us come to the point,' says I, 'about the new piece. You want something contributed toward the expense of getting it up. How much? Don't open your mouth too wide.' 'Two hundred pounds,' says he; 'not a penny less.' To tell you the truth, Leth, I thought he was going to ask for more. It isn't a very large sum, is it?"

"Not to some people," replied Mr. Lethbridge, with a cheerful smile.

"Pleased to hear you say so. There's more to tell. It is not putting down the two hundred pounds and saying good-by to it; it will come back in less than no time. The first profits of the piece will be devoted to repaying the amount, so that there is really very little risk, if any. Having stated his conditions the manager of the Star retires, and we retire also, to consider ways and means. Now I needn't tell you, Leth, that we can just as easily lay our hands upon two hundred pounds as we can bring the man in the moon down from the skies. The question then is—how to raise it? A serious question. We consider long, and at length a bright idea flashes upon me. I have, in an indirect way, made the acquaintance of a man who discounts bills. The acquaintance is slight—very slight; but faint heart, you know, and I go to him. I will mention his name to you; but it must be done in confidence—between ourselves."

"Yes," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"His name is Pamflett—Jeremiah Pamflett."

"I know the name of Pamflett," said Mr. Lethbridge. "The father of my niece, Phœbe, who is just now on a visit to us—"

"The dearest, sweetest girl!" said Kiss, in explanation to Mr. Linton.

"Has a house-keeper of that name. Can Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett be a connection of hers?"

"It is not unlikely," said Kiss; "to speak the truth, it is quite likely. But that is not material, is it?"

"No," said Mr. Lethbridge, with a slight pause for consideration; "I don't think it is. I believe he manages some kind of business for Phœbe's father."

"For Miser Farebrother? Yes, that is so; but he does business also on his own account. As I was saying, I go to Mr. Pamflett, and I lay the case before him; but he says he doesn't see his way to doing a bill for me and Linton without other names upon it. I run over the names of a few friends who would be willing to sign it, but Mr. Pamflett still demurs. It was then that the bright idea flashes upon me: I think of you. To come to you and ask you to lend us two hundred pounds was, of course, out of the question."

"I regret to say it would be," said Mr. Lethbridge. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure if it were in my power."

"I know, and therefore we have not come here with any such idea; but your name occurring to me while I was talking to Mr. Pamflett, I naturally mention it. He meets me instantly. He knows all about you and your family."

"He has never been here," interposed Mr. Lethbridge.

"He spoke most kindly of you, and said he had the greatest respect for you—"

"To my knowledge," again interposed Mr. Lethbridge, "I have never seen his face. I shouldn't know him from Adam if he stood before me now."

"Perhaps he knows of you through your niece. However it is, you would not have been displeased had you heard him speak of you. The upshot of the affair is that he makes a proposition by which we shall get the two hundred pounds required to produce Linton's new play.

"The proposition is—and bear in mind that Mr. Pamflett made it out of pure kindness, and out of the respect in which he holds you—that Linton should draw a bill at six months' date for three hundred pounds, and that you should accept it. Linton, of course, as drawer, will endorse it, and so will I. If I hand this bill to Mr. Pamflett to-morrow he will give Linton his check for two hundred pounds, and our friend's fortune is made. The resources of civilization, my dear Leth, are wonderful. That a mere scratch of the pen can make a name famous, can make a worthy fellow happy, can bring joy to the hearts of a good woman and her children—you will love Mrs. Linton when you know her—can snatch a man from the depths of despair—now, is it not wonderful to think of? They will bless you, they will remember you in their prayers—but I will say no more. It remains with you."

In this speech the actor's art, unconsciously exercised, made itself felt, and it penetrated the very soul of good Uncle Leth.

"It does not enter my mind," said Mr. Lethbridge to Kiss, "that you would deceive me—"

"I would cut my right hand off first."

"And therefore you will forgive me when I ask you if there is really no risk?"

"I give you my word and honor, Leth," said Kiss, very seriously, "as a man, and, what is more, as a judge of plays, that there is not the slightest risk. Is my opinion, as an actor and an honorable man, of any value?"

"Of the highest value!"

"There is not an atom of risk. Linton has his play in his pocket: he shall read it to you—or, rather, *I* will read it to you—before we leave you to-night. Linton is an execrable reader of his own works. He is so nervous and fidgety and *un*dramatic that he misses every point. If ever I feel inclined to punch his head it is when he is reading his manuscript to the company in the greenroom. Many a good play has been rejected because of this incapacity; many a bad play has been accepted because of the fervor and the magnetism of the author, who, carried away himself (frequently by inordinate vanity), has carried away a theatrical manager, and actors too sometimes, and warped their judgment. *I* will read Linton's play fairly, so that you will be able to form a proper estimate of it. Just consider, Leth: the bill is not due for six months. In three or four weeks at the furthest Linton's piece will be produced. The manager of the Star Theatre would like to rush it on sooner, but I shall insist upon a proper number of rehearsals. I shall stage-manage it myself, and that should be a guarantee. Two weeks after the production of the piece I shall have the pleasure—I beg Linton's pardon: *he* will have the pleasure—of handing you the sum of three hundred pounds in a new suit of clothes. Not the money thus clothed, but the happy author. That will be four months before the money is to be paid to Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett. You can keep it and use it for those four months if you wish."

"I shall pay it at once," said Mr. Lethbridge, "and get back the bill."

"Then you will do it?"

"I will do it," said Mr. Lethbridge; "and I wish Mr. Linton every success."

"Linton, old chap," exclaimed Kiss, "your fortune's made!"

Mr. Linton raised his eyes. The tears were brimming over in them, and running down his face.

"How can I thank you?" he said to Mr. Lethbridge. "When everything looked so dark, and when I did not know which way to turn—" He could not go on.

"There's a silver lining to every cloud," said Kiss, "and if it can be seen anywhere in this wilderness city it can be seen here, in my friend Leth's house. I call a blessing upon it. When you crossed this threshold you dropped on your feet. But I told you how it would be. Now, Leth, perhaps you would like to hear that, hearing I was out of an engagement, the manager of the Eden Theatre offered me terms, but I have such faith in Linton's new piece that I refused and kept myself open for it."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"We can settle the affair at once, if you like," said Kiss.

"Certainly, at once," assented Mr. Lethbridge.

"I brought the bill with me, and here it is on stamped paper."

He produced it, and Mr. Lethbridge, reading it through, accepted it, making it payable at the bank in which he had for so long a time held a position of trust.

"Aunt Leth sent me to tell you," said Phœbe, popping in her head, "that tea is ready."

"Thank you, Phœbe," said Mr. Lethbridge; "come in. I want to introduce Mr. Linton to you."

How little did the bright and beautiful girl suspect that within the last few moments an awful and tragic thread had been woven into her life.

She entered the room and looked timidly at the poor author.

"Not a word for me?" said Kiss.

"Yes, Mr. Kiss," said Phœbe, giving him her hand.

"Mr. Linton—Phœbe," said her uncle Leth, encircling her waist with his arm. "This is my niece, Mr. Linton, whom I love as a daughter."

"Mr. Pamflett was speaking of you, yesterday," said Mr. Linton.

"Mr. Pamflett!" exclaimed Phœbe, shrinking at the name.

"Yes. He said you were the most lovely girl in all London, and that there was no service you could call upon him to render which he would not cheerfully perform."

"I scarcely know him, sir," murmured Phœbe.

"Let us go in to tea," said Mr. Lethbridge, "or mother will be impatient. A terrible tyrant, Mr. Linton; a terrible tyrant!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE READING OF THE NEW PLAY.

It was the merriest tea-party imaginable; and Aunt Leth's mind was at ease, in consequence of the time which had been afforded her to make suitable preparations for so eminent a guest as the dramatic author. In pouring out the tea, she helped him last, saying, gayly,

"The first of the coffee, Mr. Linton; the last of the tea."

"A good homely saying," he observed. "I used to hear it from my mother. Though, really, I do not deserve such attention."

"Don't believe him, Aunt Leth," said Kiss. "Your dramatic author is as fond of the best as any common mortal."

The idea of comparing a dramatic author to a common mortal was certainly not to be lightly accepted by the young folk round the tea-table, who regarded Mr. Linton as a being far above and removed from the general run of people. It was to them almost a surprise that he spoke and ate in exactly the same way as their other acquaintances; and out of the depths of their admiration, everything he did seemed to be invested with a certain superiority which raised him above his fellows. They cast timid and covert looks upon him, and noted his movements, so as to be able to give a faithful description of him, by-and-by, to their friends. It was fortunate for him that their observance was not too obtrusive, or it might have spoilt his appetite. As it was, he made an excellent tea, and tucked away the bread and butter and ham and eggs with a zest which delighted Aunt Leth. He declared that he had never tasted such tea, nor such eggs, nor such bacon, nor such bread and butter, nor such gooseberry jam; and, if appearances were to be trusted, and there was any value in words, never did mortal enjoy himself more than this poor author, who had been lifted from despair by the generous kindness of Uncle Leth. Kiss had imparted, hastily and confidentially, to Aunt Leth some particulars of Mr. Linton's circumstances, and had found time to descant upon his friend's virtues as a domestic man, of his love for his wife and children, and of his brave struggles against fortune. Aunt Leth's heart went out to Mr. Linton, and she said how proud she would be if he would bring his wife and little ones to see them. He replied that the honor would be on his side; but that, with his hostess's permission, he would wait until his new piece was produced at the Star Theatre. This temporizing reply was dictated by his sensitive spirit. He and his wife lived in two rooms, in a not very distinguished neighborhood, and he was afraid of a return visit and its consequent humiliation. When his play was produced he would be able to remove to better quarters, and his wife would buy a new dress; then the acquaintanceship with this charming family could commence, and he would be in a position to return their hospitality.

"A new play!" exclaimed Aunt Leth. "Do you appear in it, Mr. Kiss?"

"Yes," said Kiss. "We hope to see you in the theatre on the first night. Uncle Leth has promised to supply each of you with a big stick, so that you may lead the applause."

"But there will be no getting in," said Aunt Leth.

"Linton will reserve a private box for you," said Kiss.

Eager heads turned to the poor author, eager eyes gazed at him.

"Madam," said Mr. Linton, "I shall be honored if you will accept it. If you do not, I feel that my play will meet with failure."

"You are very good," said Aunt Leth. "We have never been to a first night, and have read so much about them. I am sure your play will be a great success; there can be no doubt of that."

The thoughts of Fanny and Phœbe instantly flew to the question of dress. A private box on a first night! An event to be always remembered, especially with a play which was certain to be the talk of the town. It must be properly honored.

"Mr. Linton has the manuscript of the play with him," said Kiss, "and if you have nothing better to occupy your time to-night I propose to read it to you, in order that you may form an opinion of it. What do you say?"

What did they say?—there was a question! If they had nothing better to occupy their time?—what *could* be better? Why, the girls would be ready to throw over even a dance for such a treat! They glowed with excitement, and Mr. Lethbridge, looking round upon the happy faces, was glad to think that he had signed the bill which Kiss had in his pocket at that moment, and which to-morrow would be in the possession of Jeremiah Pamflett.

"There's an audience for you," said Kiss to the author, pointing to the young people.

"A good augury," said the proud author. "I feel more hopeful than I have done for a long time past."

The females of the party presently left in a body to prepare the drawing-room for the promised reading, and then it was that Phœbe said to Aunt Leth:

"Oh, Aunt Leth, I have something to say, and I'm in that state of excitement that I'd better say it at once, before I forget it. Next Saturday is my birthday, you know."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Aunt Leth, giving the young girl a tender caress; "and we shall keep it up by a little dance at home here. I intended to speak to you about it to-night before you went to bed."

"You are so good to me, dear aunt," said Phœbe, "that I don't know how ever I can repay you. It would, I think, be impossible, whatever it might be in my power to do."

"My dear child," said Aunt Leth, "don't talk of repayment. You are as one of our own. What we do comes from our hearts. So you will manage to come here early on Saturday, and remain till Tuesday or Wednesday."

"No, aunt," said Phœbe, with many kisses, "I can't do that. You must all come to me."

"To you, dear! Where?"

"To Parksides, aunt."

Aunt Leth looked grave. "Have you your father's permission, Phœbe?"

"Yes, aunt; he gave it willingly. I don't mean to say it was his idea; it was mine, and he consented at once when I asked him. I can only ask you to a poor little tea," said Phœbe, her lips slightly trembling, "but I hope you won't mind. I should so like it! Uncle Leth and Fanny and Bob have never been to Parksides, and though I can't give them a grand entertainment, I don't think it will make any difference."

"Nothing can make any difference in our love for you, my dear."

"Then you *will* come, all of you!"

"Yes, dear, we will come, because I see it will be a pleasure to you, and that will make it a pleasure to us."

Aunt Leth pressed her hand fondly over the young girl's head, and just for one moment there were tears in both their eyes; but they were instantly dried, and with a smile and a kiss they busied themselves preparing for the reading of the play. These were soon completed, and the gentlemen were called in.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Kiss, as he contemplated the arrangements—the lights on the table, the chairs ranged round, the place of honor for himself so disposed that he could either sit or stand. "As good as a greenroom, Linton."

"A great deal better," said the author, thinking of the various vain interests comprised in a company of actors, each listening to the lines of the character he was to play, and calling the piece good or bad according to the strength or weakness of that special part of it. He took his manuscript from his pocket and handed it to Kiss. The actor gazed with calm and impressive dignity at his audience. His movements were few and quiet and stately. He knew the value of repose. He was in his glory, master of the position, and equal to the occasion. He opened the manuscript and was about to commence, when a diversion occurred. There was a sound at the door as of some person outside. Aunt Leth went to the door, opened it, glided into the passage, and returned.

"It is our servant," she whispered to Kiss. "She has heard of the reading, and implores to be allowed to be present. She is a very good girl. May she?"

"By all means," said Kiss. "A theatre is a packet of all sorts. Admit her."

In came 'Melia Jane, who, with awe on her features, seated herself at the back of the room, and fixed her eyes upon Kiss, who was to her a greater than Jove.

Then Kiss commenced in earnest, and quickly held his audience in thrall. He moved them to tears; he moved them to laughter. He so individualized each character, male and female, that there was no difficulty in following the course of the story. It contained tender and comic episodes, to which he gave full and distinctive weight, "bringing down the house," as he afterward said, again and again. There was a song in the play, which he rendered amidst great applause; and as the author heard it, and saw the delighted appreciation of the little company, he hugged himself, as it were, and whispered inly: "It must be a success. It cannot, cannot fail!" Although the reading occupied two hours, there was not the least sign of weariness; and when it was finished, author and actor were overwhelmed with congratulations. As for 'Melia Jane, she so laughed, and cried, and clapped her hands, and stamped her feet, that the happy author, poor as he was, slyly slipped a shilling into her hand.

"It is," said Uncle Leth, "the very finest play that was ever written."

Upon this they were all agreed; and every one prophesied a glorious success. Incidentally, Aunt Leth remarked, "And how beautifully you sang that song, Mr. Kiss!"

"Did I?" said Kiss. "Shall I sing you another?"

The proposal was received with clapping of hands; and Kiss sang "Tom Bowline" with such tender effect that he was called upon for another.

"No," he said; "ask Linton. He knows a splendid song in another vein. Sing 'Little Billee,' Linton."

In the joy of his heart Mr. Linton could not refuse, and he began to sing Thackeray's "astonishing piece of nonsense." He had a thin quavering voice which suited the air; but somehow or other the song was not a success with this particular audience. Upon 'Melia Jane the effect was alarming. When the singer came to the lines,

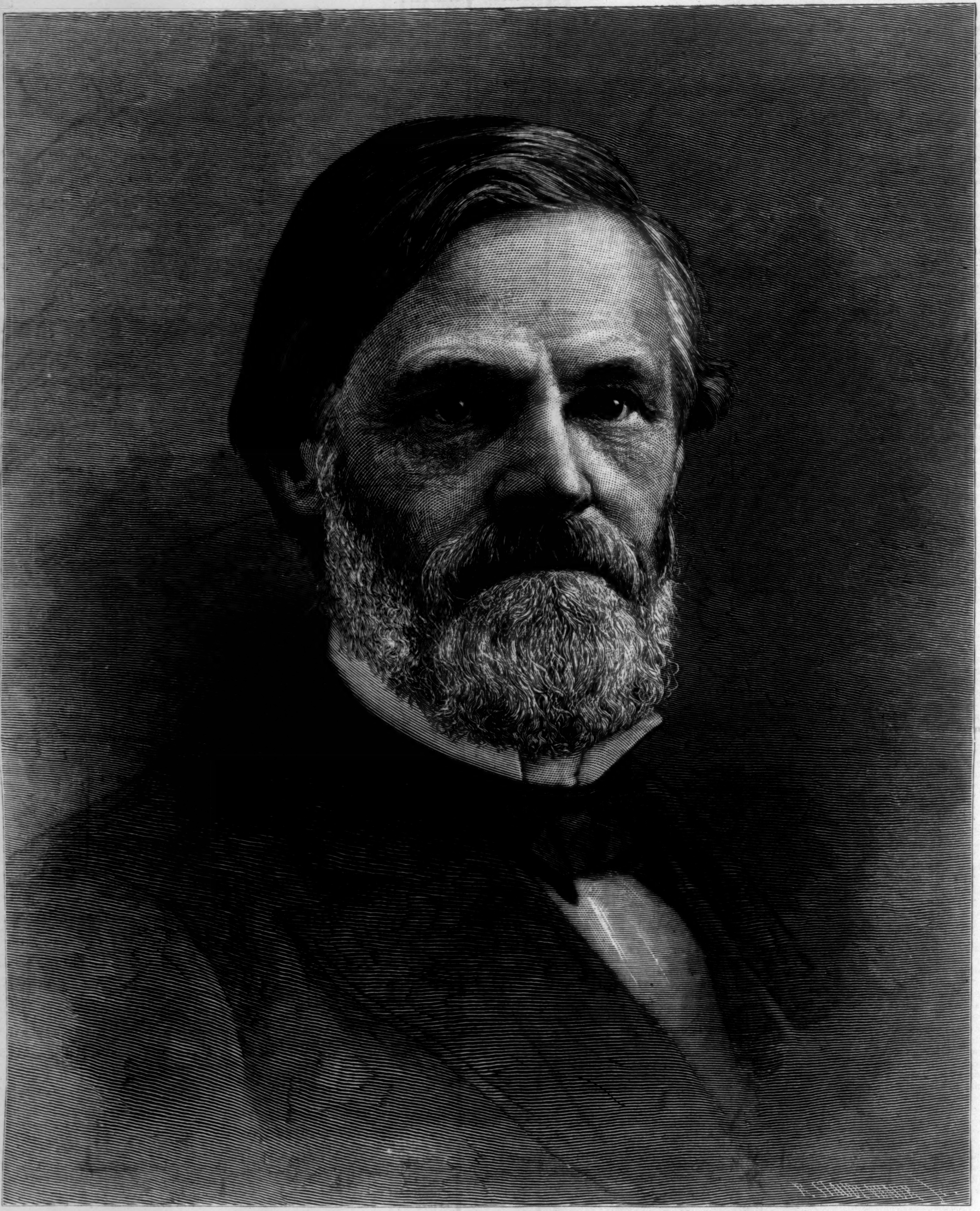
> "There's little Bill is young and tender,
> We're old and tough, so let's eat he,"

she slowly rose from her chair, with horror depicted on her face. The singer went on:

> "'O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
> So undo the collar of your chemie.'
>
> "When Bill received this infumation
> He used his pocket-handkerchie.
>
> "'O let me say my catechism,
> As my poor mammy taught to me!'"

Here 'Melia Jane burst out blubbering so violently that she had to be conducted from the room. Mr. Linton concluded the song, however; but the applause which attended his effort was rather faint, and Kiss found it necessary to explain that the lines were really only nonsense lines. He himself soon restored the equilibrium by a sweet rendering of "Sally in our Alley"; and then followed other songs, by Phœbe and Fanny, and an old-fashioned duet by Aunt and Uncle Leth. Then there was a little bit of supper, at which Uncle Leth proposed the toast of "Success to Mr. Linton's delightful play," to which the author responded in feeling terms, and spoke of the happy evening he had spent. After actor and author were gone, Phœbe and the Lethbridges stopped up for an hour talking over the incidents of this remarkable night; but Uncle Leth said nothing of the bill for three hundred pounds to which he had put his name.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

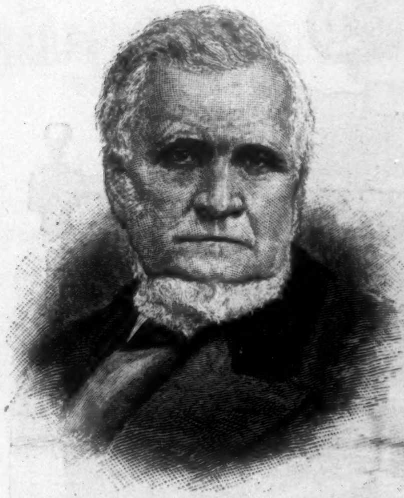


THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION OF OHIO.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

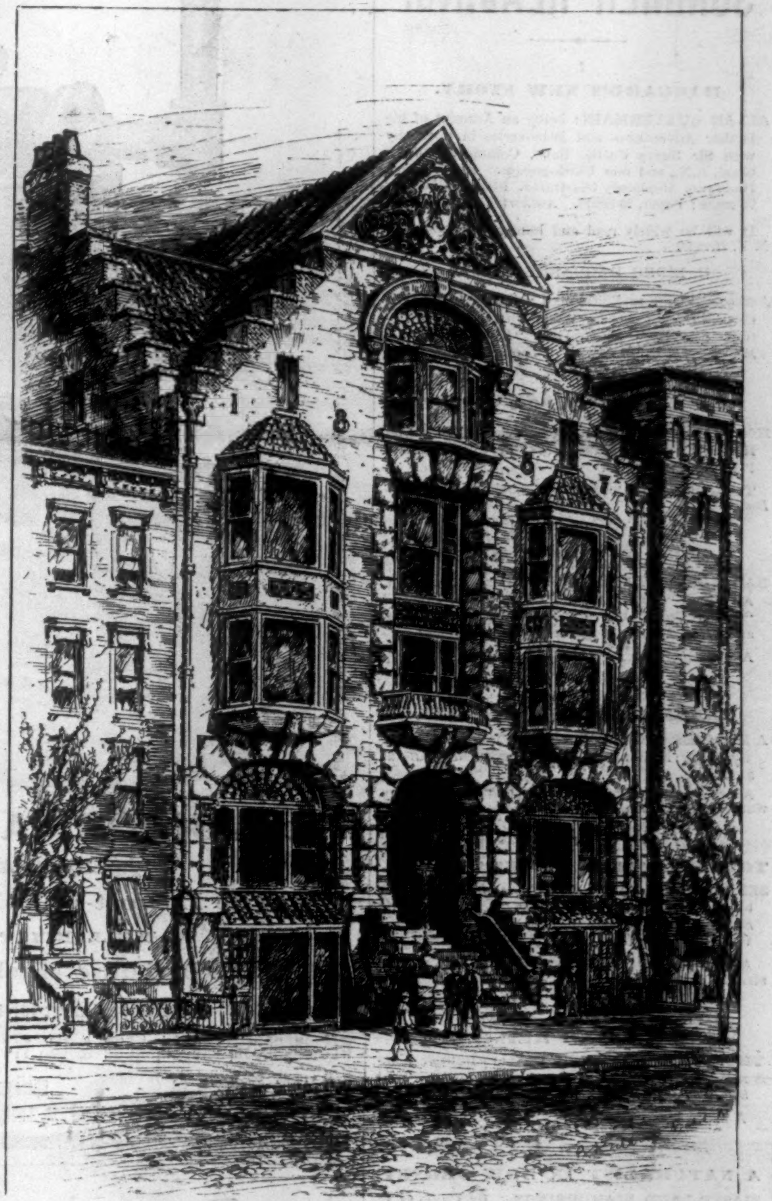
The Republicans of Ohio, at their Convention at Toledo, on the 28th of July, formally presented the name of Senator John Sherman "to the people of the United States" as a candidate for the office of President, and pledged to him their "hearty and cordial support" for that office. Though there were known to be a considerable number of delegates devoted to Mr Blaine as a candidate, this "indorsement" of Sherman was adopted unanimously. Mr. Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. His grandfather, Taylor Sherman, who was a prominent jurist in Connecticut, had near the beginning of the century acquired a considerable tract of land in Huron County, Ohio, and his father, Charles Robert Sherman, had moved thither in 1810, settling at Lancaster. The latter was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1823, and six years later died, leaving a widow with eleven children, of whom John was the eighth: The boy was taken into the family of a cousin at Mount Vernon, who sent him to school for the next four years, after which he attended an academy in his native town. He was employed for a time at surveying, but finally entered the law office of his brother Charles at Mansfield, and was admitted to the bar in 1844, entering into partnership with his brother. The next ten years were spent in close work at his profession, though he took part in politics, and was a member of the Whig Convention that nominated General Taylor in 1848, and of that which nominated General Scott in 1852. He became an antislavery Whig, and as such was elected to Congress in 1854. He immediately took an active part, and soon a prominent one, in the proceedings of the House, which included the memorable Speakership contest which resulted in the choice of N. P. Banks. He was one of the Committee of Inquiry sent to Kansas, and as the result of his observation and study of the events and tendencies of the time, he entered heartily into the movement for the formation of the Republican party, and ardently supported Fremont in 1856. He was re-elected to Congress that year and in 1858, and was a candidate for Speaker at the beginning of his third term, coming within three votes of an election. He continued in the Lower House until 1861, and was the recognized leader of the Republicans during his last term. He took his seat in the Senate March 23, 1861, and was prominently identified with the support of all the measures for the prosecution of the war, taking a leading part in financial debates and committee work. While Mr. Fessenden was Secretary of the Treasury, Sherman was Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. He supported the reconstruction measures, defended the protective tariff, and took a leading part in the legislation for the restoration of specie payments and the refunding of the national debt.

Mr. Sherman was an active supporter of R. B. Hayes for the Presidency in 1876, was a leading member of the committee that visited Louisiana to supervise the counting of the returns of that State, and was one of the five Senators on the Electoral Commission. He was made Secretary of the Treasury by Mr. Hayes, and had the opportunity of carrying out the financial policy which he had taken so prominent a part in shaping, including the execution of the laws for restoring specie payments and refunding the debt. In 1880 Mr. Sherman was an avowed aspirant for the Presidential candidacy, and his name was presented in the National Convention by General Garfield. During the long contest waged between the supporters of General Grant and Mr. Blaine, which ultimately resulted in Garfield's nomination, Mr. Sherman's vote ranged from 90 to 97. He returned to the Senate in 1881, and was re-elected for yet another term last year. In 1885 he was chosen President of the Senate *pro tem.*, but declined re-election at the

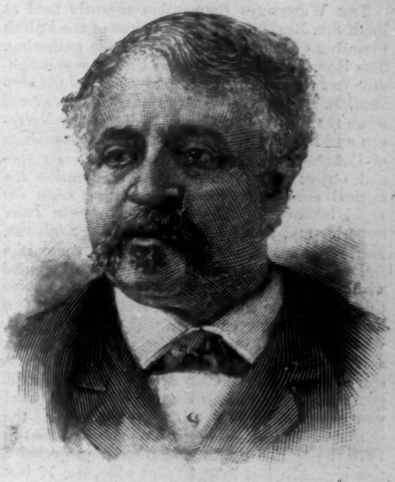


THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH.—[See Page 562.]

end of the Forty-ninth Congress. He appeared again as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1884, his name being presented in the Convention by Judge **Foraker**, now Governor of Ohio; but the Ohio delegation was divided between him and **Blaine**, and he had only 30 votes.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE HARLEM BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 559.]



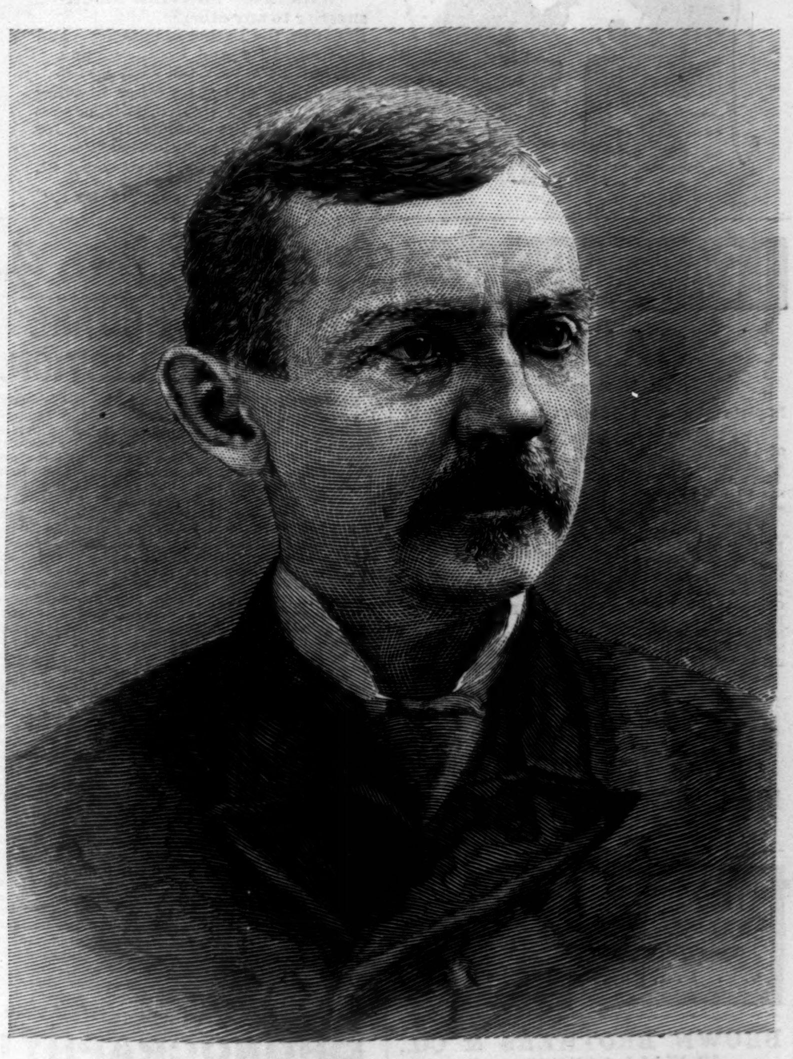
SENATOR PALMER, OF MICHIGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE WATERWAYS CONVENTION.
[See Page 566.]

THE OHIO CANDIDATES.

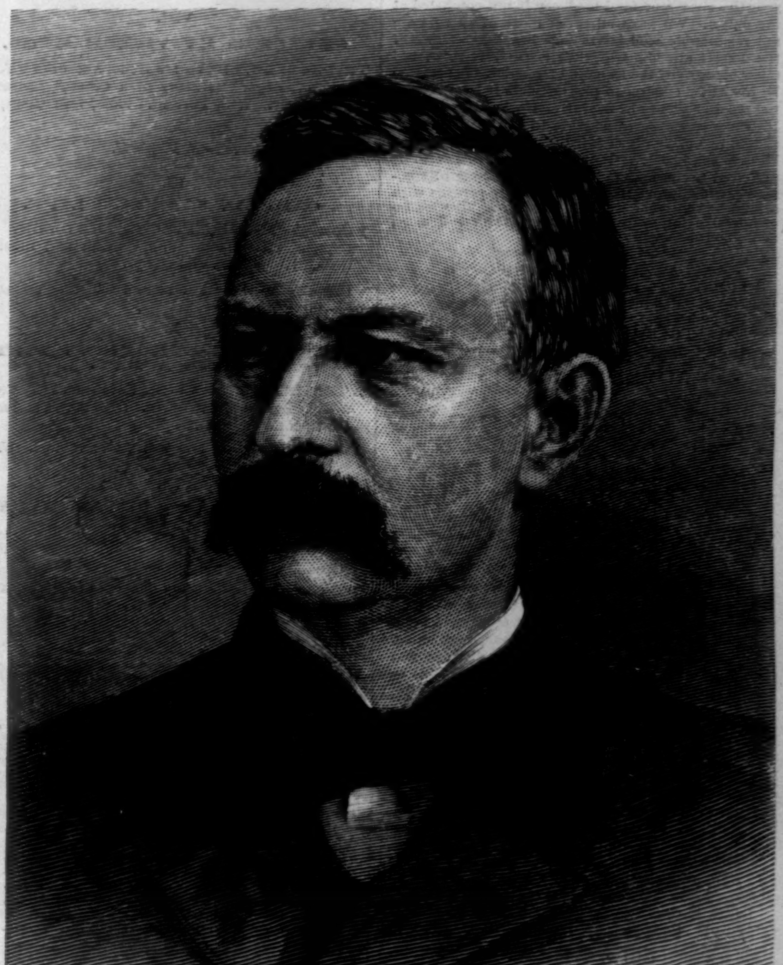
The candidates of both parties for Governor of the State of Ohio have recently been nominated. The Democratic Convention was held at Cleveland, July 21. The choice then lay between Congressman **James E. Campbell**, of Hamilton County, who was understood not to be altogether in sympathy with the course of the national administration, **Martin A. Foran**, of Cleveland, who was supposed to have exceptional strength with the labor element, and **Thomas E. Powell**, of Columbus, who was known as a hearty and outspoken supporter of the administration. **Powell** received the nomination.

Thomas Edward Powell was born in Delaware, Ohio, in 1844, his father being a native of Wales. When the war broke out he was a student at the Wesleyan University in his native town, but enlisted as a private, serving for a term of four months. He then returned to his studies, and was graduated in 1864, after which he again enlisted in the army, and served five months. On his discharge he entered the office of Colonel **William P. Reed** as a student of law, and after being admitted to the bar became that gentleman's partner. He first took an active part in politics in the **Greeley** campaign of 1872, when he attracted much attention as a stump-speaker. In 1875 he was nominated for Attorney-General of the State, and though defeated, obtained a larger vote than the candidate for Governor, **William Allen**, though the latter was exceptionally popular with his party. He was a candidate for Congress in 1882, and largely diminished the usual Republican majority in his district. In 1884 he headed the Democratic electoral ticket in Ohio, and in the following year accepted the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee.

The Republican Convention was held at Toledo, and on July 28 renominated Governor **Foraker** by acclamation. **Joseph Benson Foraker** was born on a farm in Highland County, Ohio, July 5, 1846, the fifth among eleven children of a family in narrow circumstances. In July, 1862, having barely attained the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the Ninth Ohio Infantry, leaving his home for the purpose without permission. He was in active service with the Army of the Cumberland throughout the rest of the war, and during **Sherman**'s march to the sea was on the staff of General **Slocum**. He bore the brevet title of Captain on leaving the army in 1865, still under twenty years of age. He spent two years at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, and then went to Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, where he was graduated in 1869, in its first class. He then entered the law office of Judge **James Sloane**, in Cincinnati, and before the end of the year was a member of the bar. In October, 1870, he was married to a Miss **Bunday**, whom he had met at Wesleyan University. He was first nominated for Governor of the State in 1883, and defeated by Judge **Hoadley** by a plurality of 12,629. In 1885 he was again a candidate against **Hoadley**, and defeated him by a plurality of 17,441. His administration has been successful, and his popularity with his party was evinced by his unanimous renomination.



THOMAS EDWARD POWELL, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.
Photographed by J. H. Ryder, Cleveland.



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, RENOMINATED BY THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.—From a Photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

THE WATERWAYS CONVENTION.

THE Waterways Convention recently held at Sault Ste. Marie under the auspices of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce was a notable gathering. The Hon. THOMAS W. PALMER, United States Senator from Michigan, was the president of the convention. It was composed of representatives from more than thirty commercial bodies in the Northern and Eastern States, including many members of Congress, Senators, and Governors. Its special object was to take into consideration the critical condition of affairs resulting from the rapid increase of the commerce between Lake Superior and the lower lakes. In the Sault Ste. Marie River, connecting these lakes, there is a fall of 20½ feet, 18 feet of which are included within a distance of half a mile. To overcome this obstruction a canal 5400 feet long, with two locks at the lower end, each with a lift of 9 feet, was constructed in 1853–5 by a company under a contract with the State, the latter having received a grant of 750,000 acres of land from the general government for the purpose. This canal was completed in 1855, but the increase of the commerce of Lake Superior was so great that in 1870 the United States government projected a new lock, 515 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 17 feet deep, to facilitate the passage of vessels. This work was completed in 1881, and in this year the Legislature of Michigan transferred the canal with the old locks to the United States, thus giving control of the whole work to the national government. The business of the canal increased so rapidly as to demand larger provision for the growing commerce of the great Northwest. A third lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 21 feet depth of water on the mitre sills, has been determined upon, and work thereon has been commenced. This, when completed, will be the largest in the world. The number of vessels passing through the existing lock last year was 7424, with a tonnage of 4,557,759 tons actual freight, of the value of nearly $70,000,000. The maximum capacity of the present lock, under the most favorable circumstances, is 96 vessels in 24 hours. The greatest number of lockages in any one day was in June of this year, when 84 vessels were passed. The increase in the number of vessels, the tonnage, and the value of commodities passed through the canal in 1886 over 1885 was 39 per cent. During the first two months of navigation of the present year the increase has been 50 per cent. over last year.

The completion of the new lock cannot be accomplished in less than six years under the most liberal provisions that Congress can make. But with the limited appropriations of recent years the work will be delayed for an indefinite period, and in the mean time the enormous increase of business is going forward. Hence the call for this convention, with the object of impressing upon Congress the urgent necessity for adequate appropriations, to the end that the completion of the work may be effected in the shortest possible time.

A PERILOUS POSTPONEMENT.

To postpone, when the duty for immediate action is clear, is always unwise. Especially is it so when increasing ill-health calls for a resort to medication. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are often of swift growth—always of fatal tendency if not combated at the outset. We have all—even those of us who are not remarkably well instructed—heard something of the danger attending Bright's disease, diabetes, and other diseases of the kidneys or bladder. Let no one be foolhardy enough to procrastinate if he perceives the renal organs to be inactive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are peculiarly adapted to overcome this inaction, to sufficiently stimulate, without exciting, the kidneys and bladder. Infinitely is this diuretic to be preferred to the impure and fiery stimulants of commerce, which prove the bane of unwary persons with a tendency to renal troubles. They are likewise incomparable for dyspepsia, debility, fever and ague, and biliousness.—[*Adv.*]

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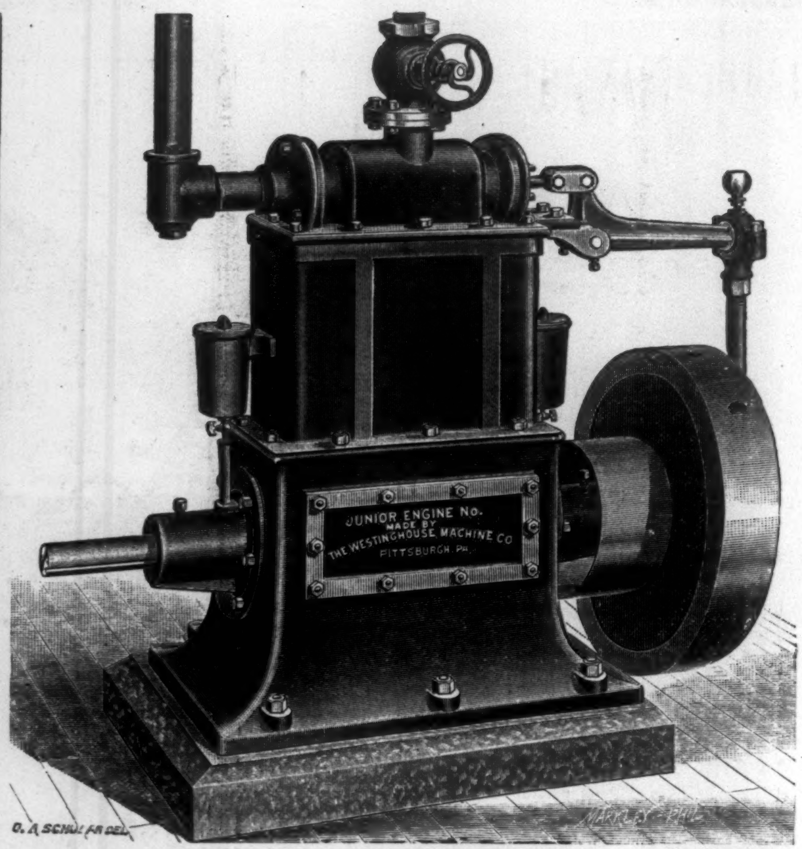
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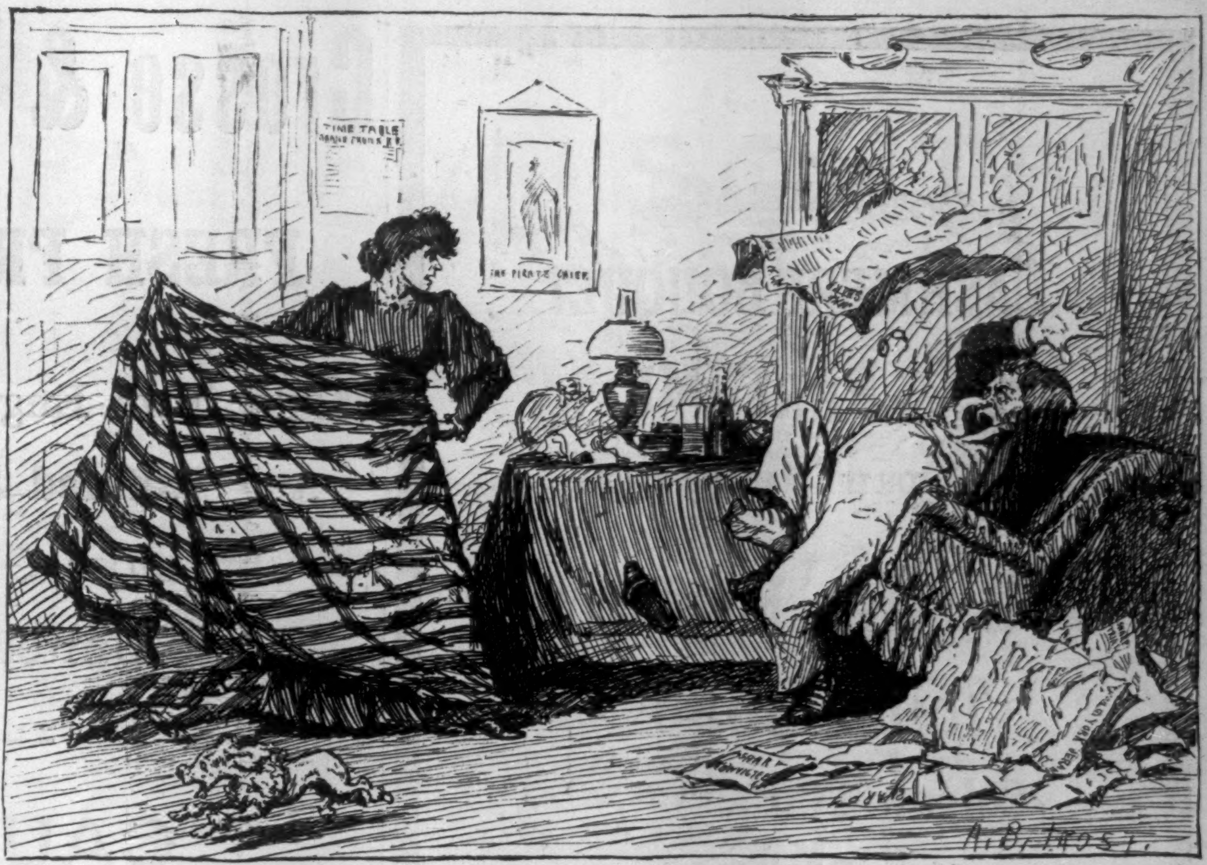

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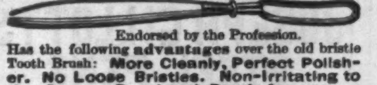

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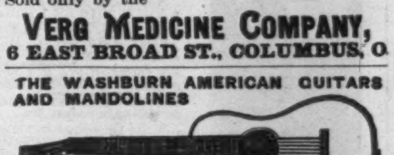

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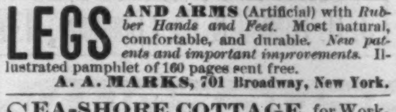

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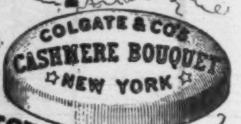

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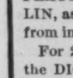

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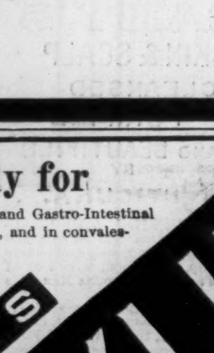

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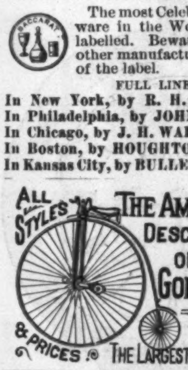

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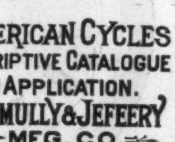

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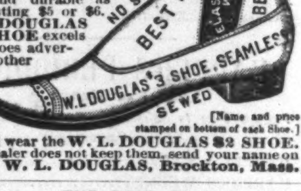

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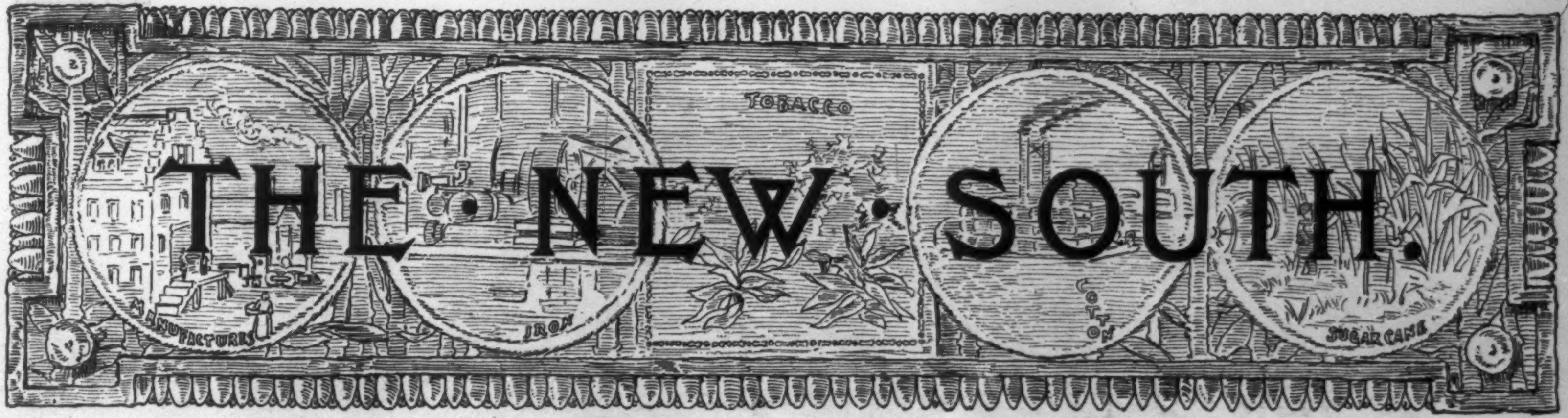
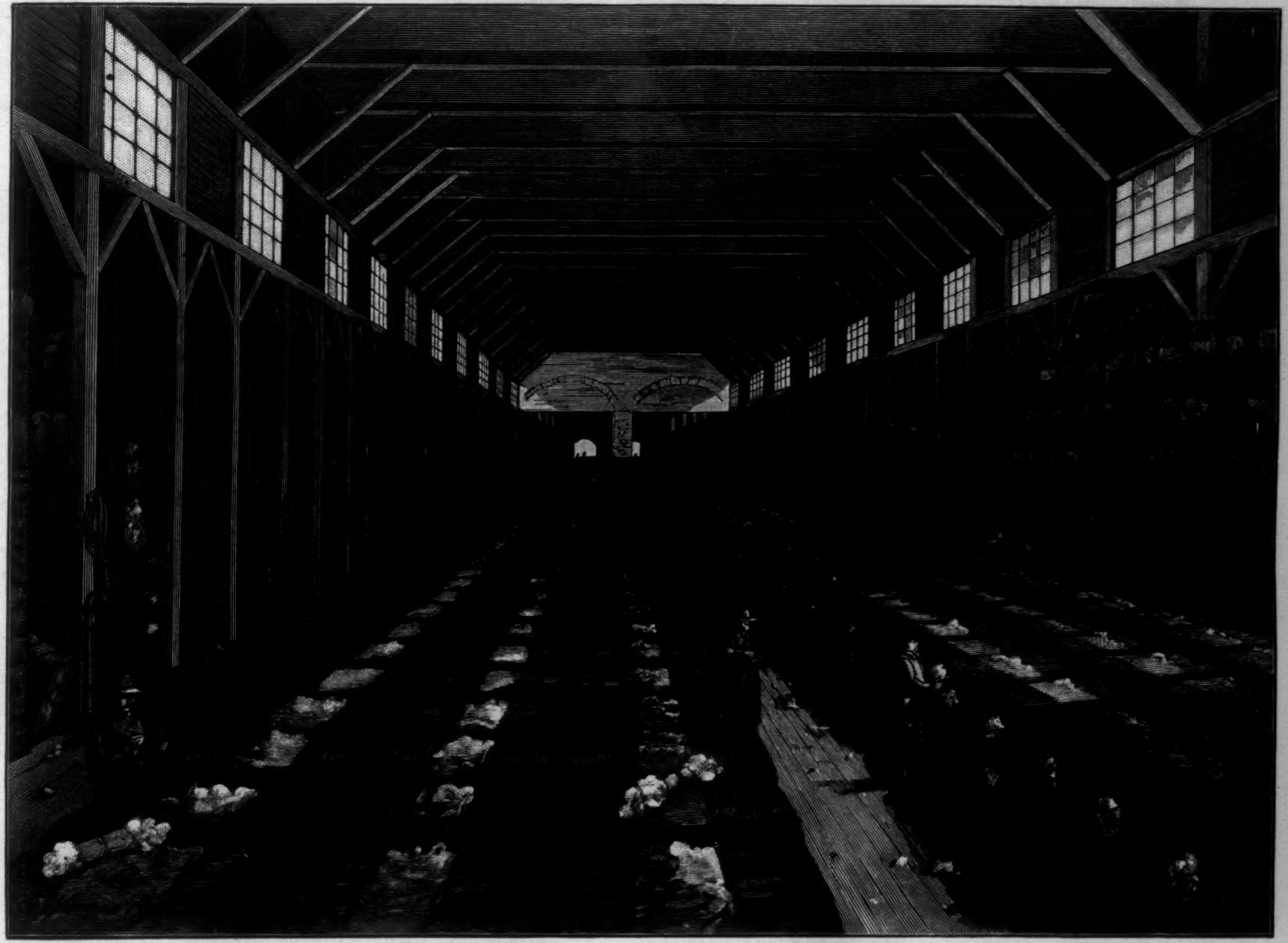


THE NEW SOUTH.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, AUGUST 13, 1887.



A TYPICAL COTTON WAREHOUSE.—DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

NEW ORLEANS TO BATON ROUGE.

AFTER weeks spent among the mines, mills, factories, and busy commercial centres which form such prominent and attractive features of the New South, it is a pleasant change to visit and linger in a country whose sole interest is agricultural. Being the source of all wealth, agriculture must always be the paramount interest of every country; for there could be no cities if there were no farms; the business of railroads is to transport farm products and necessities, mines are worked solely for the farmers' benefit, and mills and factories would be closed and idle but for his patronage. While agriculture is thus the underlying motive of the world's business, any résumé of the resources of the "Industrial South" from which this greatest of all industries was omitted would be very far from complete.

Of all the famed agricultural regions of the world, including those subject to the annual overflow of the Nile, the richest by far is the lower valley of the Mississippi, between New Orleans and Memphis—a distance, by the line of the Louisville, New Orleans, and Texas Railway, which traverses its entire length, of 455 miles. This belt of wonderfully fertile country is climatically divided into two sections, of which the lower or more southerly is one of sugar and rice, and the upper of cotton and corn. The former section comprises the level plains of bottomless alluvium extending nearly a hundred miles from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, and presents some of the most unique and thoroughly interesting pictures of "life remote from towns" to be found anywhere. Here dwelt the wealthiest planters of the old South in patriarchal state, and here may still be seen more of the typical life and institutions of that time than can be found at any other point in the Southern States. In passing through this country the panorama presented from the railroad is of a constant succession of tiny villages, each complete in itself, and forming the nucleus of all operations on the great plantation to which it belongs. In the centre of each of these independent communities stands the low-roofed, roomy, broad-verandaed house of the planter, its whiteness gleaming through the foliage of moss-draped live-oaks and magnolias, flowering shrubs and sheltering vines, to which the mocking-bird is a frequent and ever-welcome visitant. Back of the house are the "quarters"—long rows of whitewashed cabins, the storehouses, stables, and workshops. Rising above all are the tall iron funnel of the sugar-mill and the square tower-like chimney of the bagasse-burner. Stretching away as far as the eye can reach on every side, unmarred by boundary fences, and unbroken save by roads and drainage canals, is a green sea of cane or rice, dotted here and there by islands of dark-foliaged trees, or white specks that tell of other plantation houses and nestling cabins. Although the railroad runs quite near to the river, it is rarely seen, on account of the intervening embankment of the levees that hold it in check and protect these rich lands from overflow. Occasionally, however, its proximity is shown by the appearance of some steam-boat or other river craft that in seasons of high-water floats several feet above the level of the plantations. On account of the constantly changing direction, depth, and force of the river currents, the levees are an ever-present source of care and expense to this section of country, but their maintenance offers employment to thousands of laborers who would otherwise suffer from a long season of idleness after the crops had been gathered.

One sugar estate is but the reproduction of another, though their several mills differ from each other according to the methods of sugar-making employed in them. In the more modern the huge bagasse-burners have disappeared, as this once waste product is now used as fuel in the furnaces. Their internal arrangements have also undergone many changes. Vacuum-pans are replacing the old open kettle boilers, shredders and improved crushers extract from the cane a third more juice than was formerly obtained, while the centrifugals now in common use enable the planter to send his sugar in pure white granules directly to the consumer instead of shipping it to distant refineries. In the fields, too, radical changes are taking place. More attention is paid to the requirements and drainage of the soil now than formerly, the cane is cut more carefully, and the old tedious method of transporting it to the mill in little two-wheeled mule-carts is giving way to a system of portable tramways and cars, by which the power of each mule employed is increased twentyfold. By the old time-honored processes, under which, when their sugars fetched fifteen cents or thereabout per pound, the planters acquired easy wealth, only from forty to fifty per cent. of its juice was extracted from the cane. Modern processes extract from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the juice, and the value of the crop is further augmented by savings and prudent management. Still, the maximum of economical production has not yet been reached. Instead of fifteen cents, Louisiana sugar now brings but four or five cents per pound; for since the halcyon days of twenty years ago the beet sugars of Europe, the free sugars of the Sandwich Islands, and the sorghum and glucose of our own country have come into aggressive competition with it. Thus the product of both cane and juice must be still further increased and its manufacture still further cheapened to enable Louisiana sugar to hold its own against these intruders. An improved levee system and extended transportation facilities have already greatly enhanced the value of these sugar lands, while

[*Continued on page 578.*]

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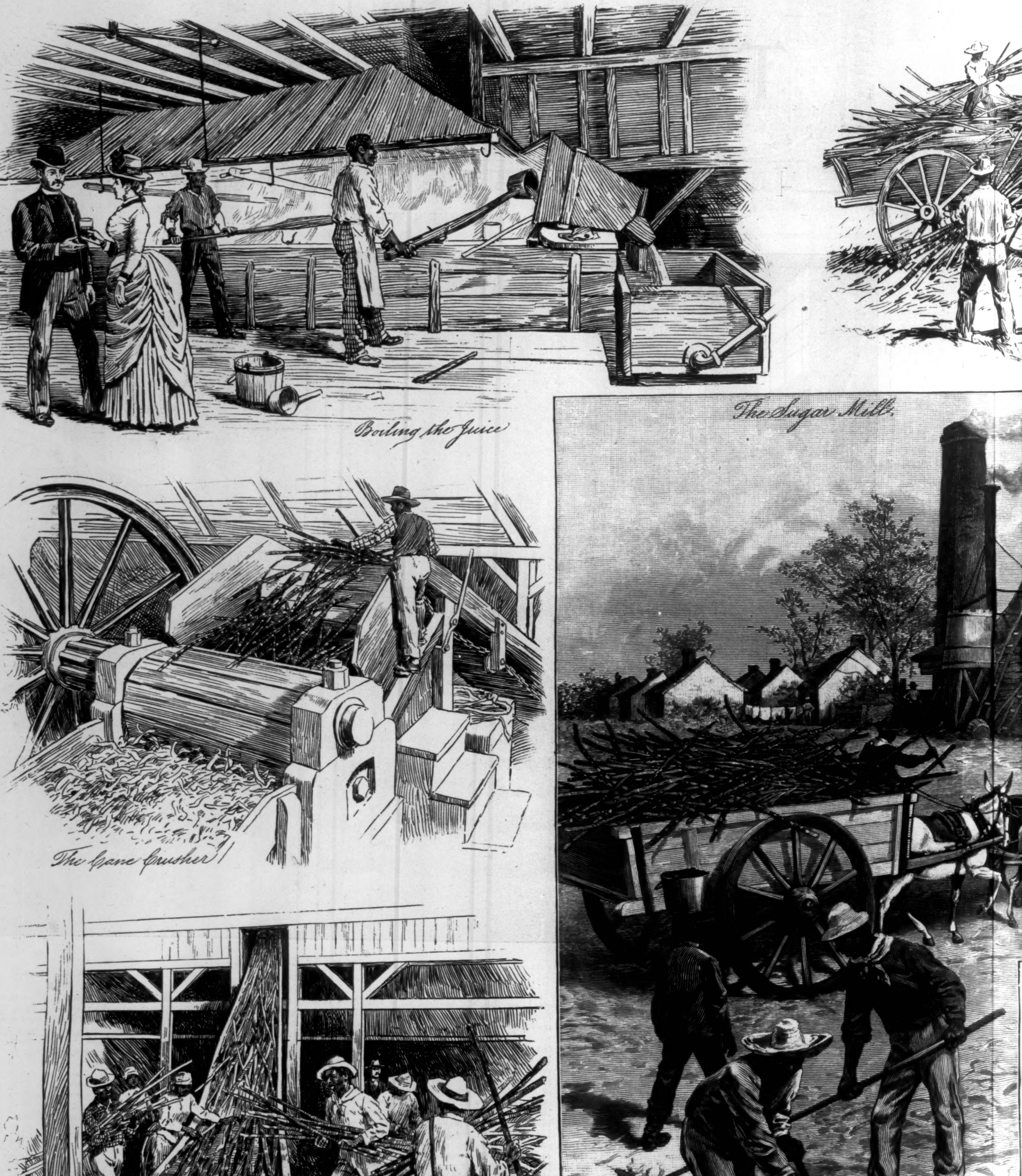
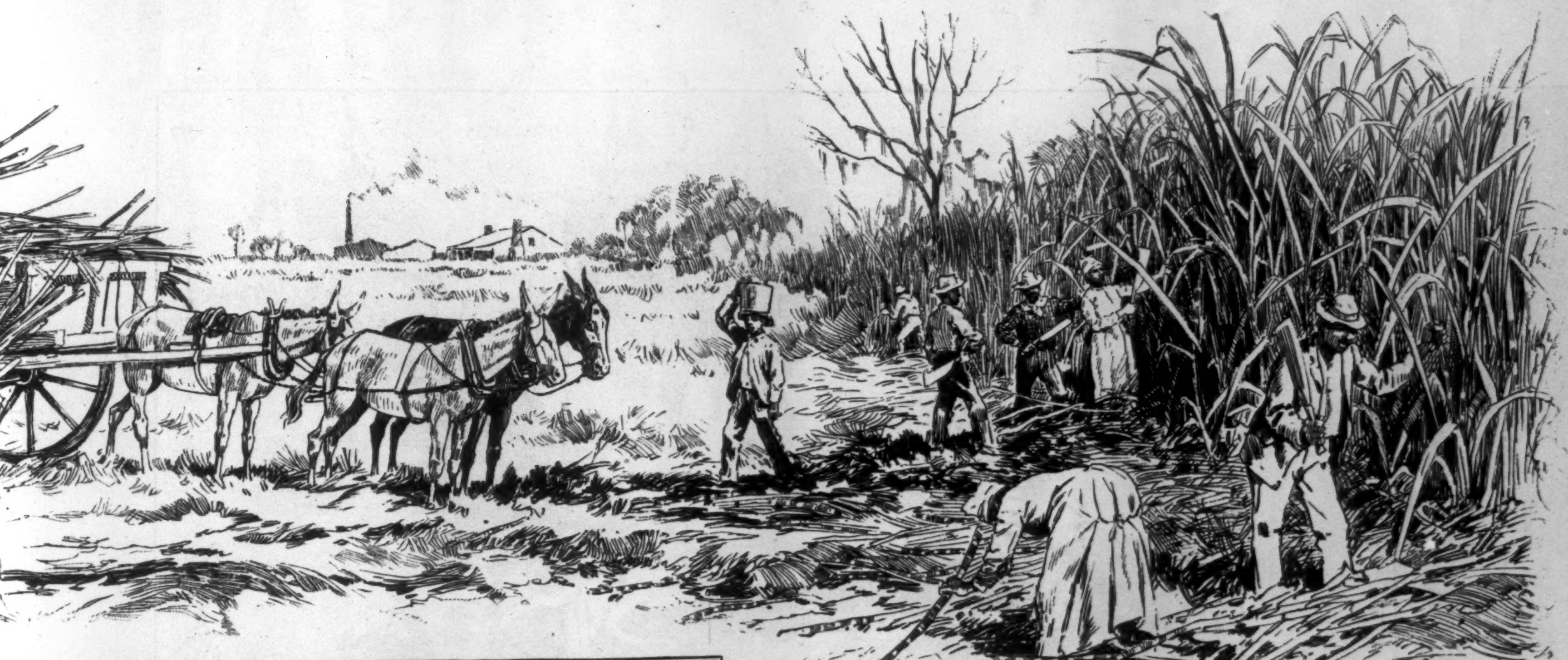
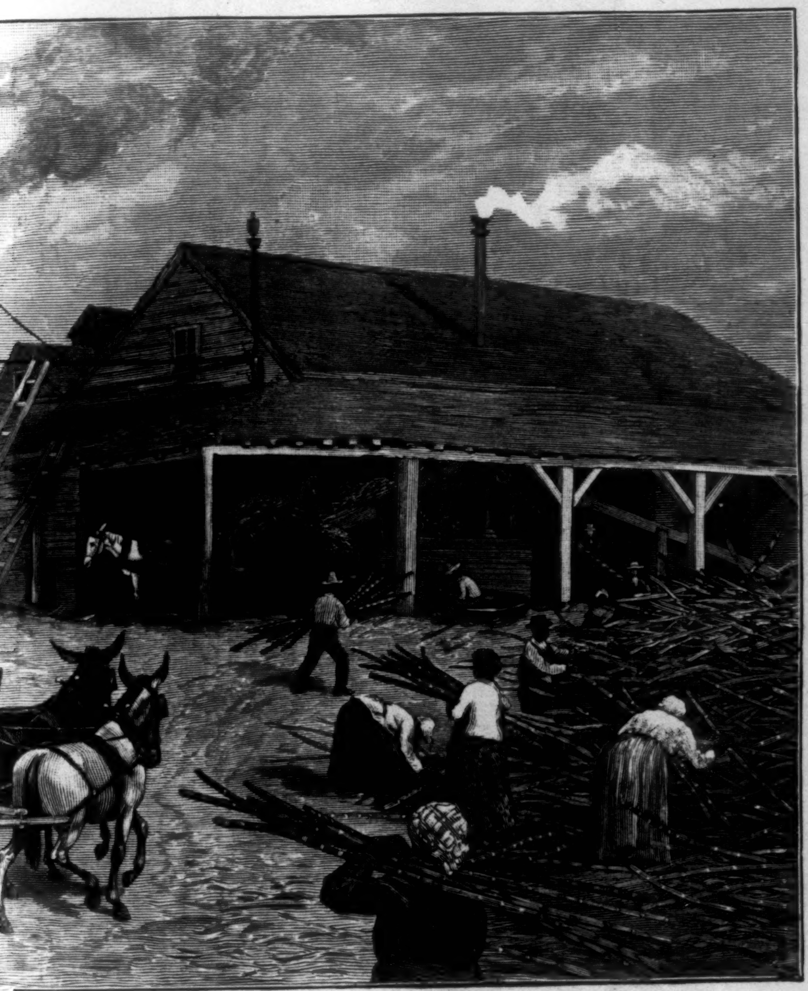
* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579; North Carolina, in No. 1581; Knoxville, Tennessee, in No. 1585; Nashville, Tennessee, in No. 1590; Mobile and Montgomery, Alabama, in No. 1595; and The Chattanooga District, in No. 1597, of the WEEKLY. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

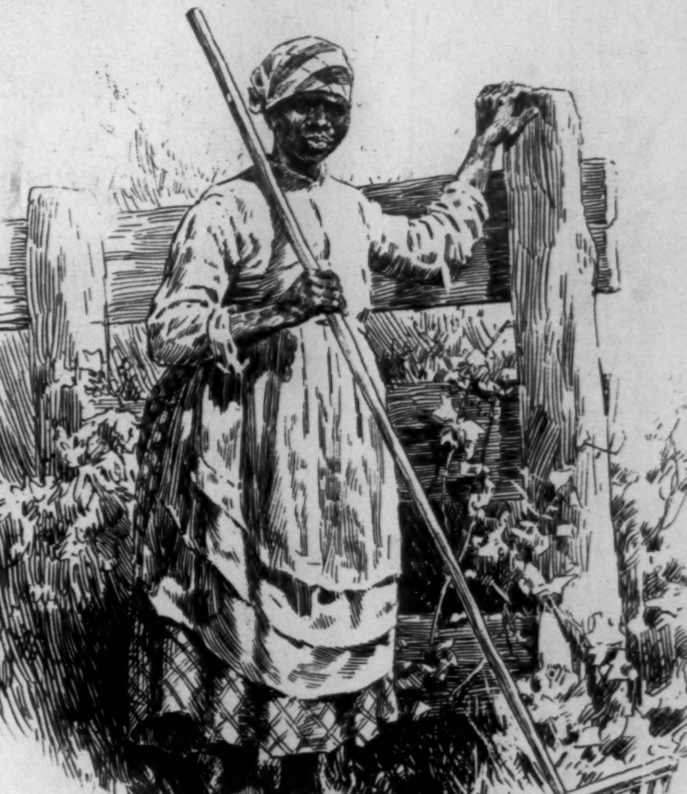

Boiling the Juice
The Sugar Mill.
The Cane Crusher
The Carrier
J. Durkin 87.

AN OLD LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION.—

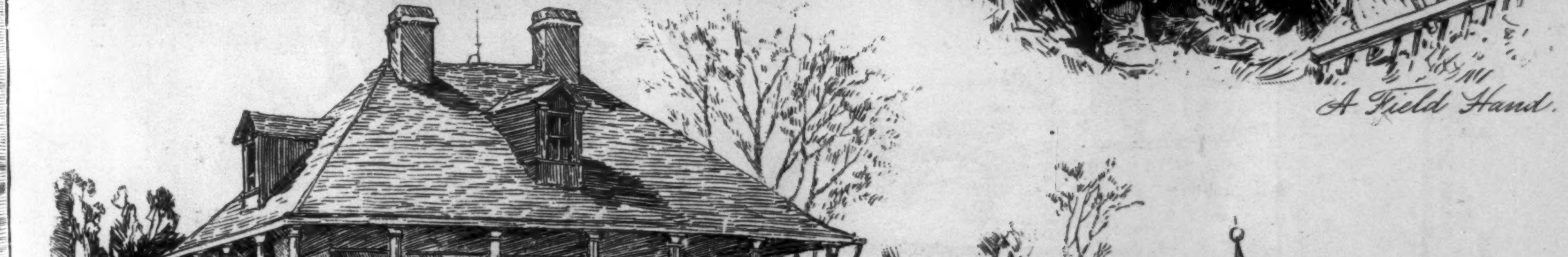


A Sugar Cane Field





A Field Hand.



The Planters House.

N.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 573.]